THE VIRDEN ADVANCE.

VOLUME III.
NO. 27.

VIRDEN. MAN.. THURSDAY. JAN. 12. 1888.

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Arbitration.

A delegation of prominent Englishmen, representing two hundred and thirty-five members of the House of Commons, has recently visited the United States on an errand of peace. Among the delegates were several members of Parliament, and at their head was Sir Lyon Playfair, who has several times sat in the English Ministry.

The delegation waited upon the President at Washington, and presented to him a memorial in favor of "arbitration in political differences, when diplomatic agency has failed to settle such differences." Sir Lyon Playfair remarked that the times are favorable to such a course, since "the whole world is startled at the new aspect of war, which the progress of science is making a huge engine for the butchery of men, and the wanton waste of property." He added the startling fact that during the past ten years the cost of maintaining European armies has increased at least twenty-five per cent.

The President responded in a sympathetic manner, and expressed the hope that arbitration might one day be generally adopted.

It is fitting that such a subject should be taken up by the two great Anglo-Saxon powers, and that an effort should be made by enlightened nations to devise a peaceful method of settling the disputes which are constantly arising between formidable powers.

The most striking example ever set in this direction was that of the United States and England, when they agreed that the claims for the depredations of the privateer *Alabama* and other confederate cruisers should be submitted to a court of arbitration, with authority, not merely to determine how much was due to the United States by Great Britain, but to decide if anything was due. Thus it was commissioned to sit in judgment upon the conduct of a great and independent government.

That subject had long threatened to bring about a war between the two countries; but when the arbitration was agreed to, and the Court at Geneva adjudged that England should pay the United States fifteen and one half millions of dollars, for the damage done by the *Alabama* and other vessels, the decision was promptly acquiesced in, and the money was paid over without a murmur.

One of the great obstacles in the way of the adoption of arbitration for the settlement of international quarrels is, that no nation is willing to submit a question in which its "honor" is concerned to such a court. It is still the prevailing doctrine that a nation which has been "insulted" by another [illegible] shedding of blood can alone preserve its honor.

It is to a large degree owing to this feeling, that all Europe is to-day burdened with enormous military armaments, and that treasuries and the pockets of the people are being drained to support them.

One strong argument, however, in favor of arbitration is, that wars very rarely settle the disputes which have provoked them. Thousands of men are slaughtered; millions of money are squandered; territories are desolated; industries are ruined; and yet at the end of it all, the seeds of future quarrels and future wars remain.

Two hundred years ago, a French king seized and added a German province to his realm. The Germans were not, however, made content to lose it by defeat; and in 1870, they rose up and took the province back by force. With this again, the French are not satisfied; and are at this day watching their opportunity to reconquer the province.

Many more examples might be taken from history to show how useless even long and bloody wars are, to bring about final settlements between nations. The history of peaceful settlements, on the other hand, by diplomacy or by reference to a court of arbitration, shows that disputes which are brought to an end in this way usually entirely disappear.

It may be that wars in defense of national honor may cease to be waged, just as duelling, to satisfy the honor of individuals, has ceased to be practised, to a large degree, in England and America. Arbitration, if it could be adopted, would be an unspeakable blessing to all the world; and the example of England and the United States, settling their differences in this way, may result in great good to all the world.

The Terrible Disaster in China.

If the news just received from Hong Kong is accurate, one of the greatest calamities of modern times has befallen the people who inhabit the lower part of the valley of the Hoang-Ho. This great river has again burst its banks, a large and densely populated region has become a deep lake, and the missionaries report that millions of people are homeless and starving. The river is popularly known as "China's Sorrow," and for centuries it has been a source of great suffering and anxiety to the 170,000,000 people who inhabit the central plain of the Empire. This magnificent volume of water rising in the mountains of Thibet and flowing for 2,500 miles through China, has changed its lower course [illegible] times since history began to record its erratic tendencies. It has moved its mouth from south to north over an area of four degrees of latitude, sweeping over populous plains and destroying a vast amount of property and the lives of thousands of people. The district it has now flooded extends far south of its recent course, and a [illegible] ago was the region through which the river flowed. European engineers have reported that it is within the power of science to save the whole of this mighty plain from these disastrous overflows and changes in the river bed. Great embankments have from time to time been built along the banks, but everything that has so far been done is wholly inadequate to curb the waywardness of this most disorderly of rivers.

The high license law which has just gone into effect in Pennsylvania is very stringent, and the best results are expected from it. The license tax in Philadelphia is $500, which must be paid in advance. Every one taking out a license must present a petition from twelve reputable freeholders, who are to take oath that they have known the applicant for six months, and that they have signed no other petition during the year. The applicant for license must get two reputable freeholders to sign bonds for him in the sum of $2,000. Each must own unencumbered real estate to the value of more than $2,000. The bondsmen cannot be saloon keepers or manufacturers of liquor. This shuts out the great brewers, who have been accustomed to support and largely own the saloons. A law like that in Toronto would about close up nine-tenths of the hotels and saloons.

The Imperial Government is about to create a ministership of agriculture and Mr. Henry Chaplin, M. P. for Lincolnshire, is to be the first occupant of the position. Mr. Chaplin is a practical and wealthy stock raiser, especially of horses, and a better selection could not have been made. Although an ardent supporter of the turf he was largely instrumental in having the money formerly distributed all over the country in Queen's plates diverted to the direct encouragement of the improved breeding of farm and other horses.

It is not the intrinsic pleasure of the luxurious banquet, of the tasteful costume, or the new carriage, or the expensive summer trip, that leads men to give up their time, to risk their health, to resign natural recreation, and, worse than all, to violate their consciences in order to obtain them. It is the well-founded hope of receiving increased regard from their friends and society at large which prompts them thus to strain every nerve, and even to stoop to unworthy means.

M. Carvalho, the manager of the Paris Opera Comique, which was recently destroyed by fire, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 200f., Fireman Andre was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and the others who with these two were supposed to be responsible for the disaster were acquitted.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Buffalo have recently been seen in the district one hundred miles west of Battleford.

The opening of Parliament is considered likely to be delayed by the adjournment of the Fisheries Commission.

After spending two hundred dollars without result in sinking test wells for the water supply of St. Thomas, the contractors have discontinued operations.

It is generally believed in Montreal political circles that Mr. Joseph Royal, M. P., will shortly succeed Mr. Dewdney as Lieut.-Governor of the North West Territories.

The Executive Committee of the Ontario Agricultural and Arts Association have decided to hold the next Provincial Exhibition at Kingston, from September 10th to 15th.

Two Chinamen living in Victoria, B. C., have been found guilty of murdering a woman for the purpose of getting her money, and sentenced to be hanged on January 30th.

Eight thousand immigrants arrived at the Quebec Emigration Office during the past season, of whom all but about two hundred and fifty have been provided with employment.

A number of gentlemen interested in the raising and breeding of Canadian draught horses met in Toronto and formed "The Improved Canadian Draught Horse Association."

The municipalities of Prescott county are being actively canvassed for bonuses of $10,000 and $40,000, respectively, in aid of two schemes for running a railway through the county.

A cablegram says it is understood the Imperial Government have decided to grant six commissions annually to officers of the Canadian militia on their complying with certain conditions.

A cablegram says that the Imperial Government have agreed to advance £150,000 to the Government of British Columbia for putting into operation a scheme for the voluntary emigration of 1,200 families, chiefly Scotch Crofters.

Montreal heads the list of mortuary statistics for last month, with a total of 503 deaths, 112 of which were from diphtheria, Toronto coming next with 177 deaths. Ottawa's total for the month was 81, fifteen being from typhoid fever.

About one o'clock on Sunday morning an attempt was made to blow up the house of Dr. Canfield, at Stanstead, Quebec, by means of a bomb loaded with gian powder. Bailiff Canfield, who lives with the doctor, has recently been serving Scott Act summonses, and numerous threats have been made against him.

Committees appointed by the Hamilton City Council and Wentworth County Council met and discussed the question of joint action for the purchase of the county toll roads, and adjourned to consider a proposition that the city should pay thirty per cent. of the purchase price, which is estimated at $140,000 to $162,000.

Henry Taylor, ex-President of the Ontario Investment Association, has offered to turn over to the company all the property now held by his wife, valued at $20,000, on condition of his release from gaol and the stopping of all legal action against him. In consequence of this offer, warrants were not issued on a number of informations laid against Taylor on Saturday by shareholders.

UNITED STATES.

The big raft which was towed from Joggins, N. S., to New York was lost at sea last Sunday morning during a heavy storm.

Mr. Andrew Onderdonk is constructing, for the water supply of Chicago, a tunnel which will run two miles underground and four miles under the lake, and will take four years to complete.

The California and Oregon railway was completed on Saturday, after twenty one years' construction, giving an unbroken line from New Orleans to Portland, Oregon, a distance of three thousand miles.

J. Mrs. Allen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has commenced an action for heavy damages against the Customs Collector at Shelburne, N. S., for the seizure of the barque Bridgewater, of which vessel she claims to be the owner.

FOREIGN.

The Duke of Norfolk's mission has failed, the Pope refusing to further interfere in the relations between the Irish clergy and people.

Lord Randolph Churchill regrets that there can be traced in Mr. Gladstone's course every sign of age except the possession of wisdom.

It is stated Gen. Boulanger has declined a seat in the French Chamber of Deputies, saying that he expects a war, and France has a greater need of generals than deputies.

A cablegram says the large consignment of turkeys sent from Ontario is attracting much attention in the English market. It is believed a large trade will be created in future.

The corporation of the city of London are going to present a silver model of the Imperial Institute to the Prince and Princess of Wales on their silver wedding on the 10th of March next.

The London *Times* states that Dr. Hamilton Williams, of New York, who succeeds O'Donovan Rossa, has a fund of £200,000 at his disposal to organize assassination and dynamite explosions in England.

Mr. Clancy, Nationalist, referring to the report that the Government intend granting the Irish a Catholic university, said the Irish spurned such bribes, and that no mess of pottage could ever induce them to abandon their birthright as a nation.

The St. Petersburg *Military Gazette* contends at great length that Russia's action is not a hostile demonstration, but a necessary precaution against an invasion of her territory by either Germany or Austria, who possess superior facilities for rapid mobilization.

Lord Randolph Churchill, referring to retrenchments in his recent speech at Stockport, said the next budget would show an estimated surplus of from two to three millions sterling, and that in the following year the expenditure would be reduced to eighty-five millions, or five millions less than the figure at which Mr. Gladstone left it.

The war feeling is reported to be growing intense in Austria and Germany, and the situation is rapidly assuming a grave character. Austria is hurrying forward her preparations, and the railways are almost blocked by the transport of men and material to the front. In the meantime Russia assures the allied powers that her intentions are pacific.

Miss Waldo (of Boston, discussing literary matters)—Have you read "Homo Sum," Mr. Wabash? Mr. Wabash (of Chicago, who is keeping up his end of the conversation with difficulty)—Well—er yes, Miss Waldo, I have read Homo some, but not a great deal.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

BY MRS HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Long engagements and early marriages are questions often discussed and never settled. It is natural that parents should be anxiously watchful lest their sons or daughters should be entrapped into an engagement or marriage before their school days are ended, and business prospects settled on a sure basis. Entrapped is not a pleasant word, but the guardians of the young should be vigilant that the danger it implies may never befall those under their supervision. Yet one must be Argus-eyed, indeed, who can under all circumstances effectually bar the entrance of love on one side, and caprice, cupidity or guile on the other. Women are more easily deluded by pleasant attentions, tender words, and soft, persuasive flatteries than men, and in prudential matters far less suspicious. It is here that parents are the most troubled, and this is where lurks the greatest danger.

But this is only one view of the question. We are no advocate of very long engagements, or unreasonably early marriages, but, when true love finds an entrance with the young there is less danger of its being spurious than in later years. Although most parents object to this, they have far stronger grounds to hope for happiness for their children than after the excitement of business and the love of money has secured a strong hold on the young man, and a few seasons in the height of fashionable society have given the damsel some lessons in the game of coquetry, and a taste for dress and gayety which she soon believes will be best secured by a marriage for that which riches will yield her rather than the simpler, purer joys that true love insures.

The happiest marriages are those whose love was early pledged, and close observation will prove that such are the most likely to stand the test of time, and will pass through the many rough and hazardous paths of married life with the most cheerful fortitude. When marriage is delayed till habits have become too firmly established to give way kindly to another's wishes, or to gently overlook another's peculiarities, the prospects of a pleasant, harmonious life are not the most encouraging. An early union gives fairer promise that the wedded pair may go down to a peaceful, happy old age, not only without losing the love that first united them, but with a firm hope that it will grow brighter and brighter, until that perfect day, when both, having passed over the river, will stand with clearer vision and purified affection before the throne of their Maker.

When young people have finished the education which was intended to fit them to begin their life's work, if they are so fortunate as to love and be loved at that period, then there can be no doubt that an early marriage is best for both parties. There is no period in a young man's life when he so much needs the counsel, sympathy, and inspiration, born of pure love, as when, in his fresh, uncontaminated young manhood he begins the battle of life—a battle that all must fight in their first efforts to secure the fair prospect of a future independent support. He who enters the arena of life for contest with seen and unseen obstacles, strengthened and shielded by the love which gladly unites with him to lay the foundation of a true home, is the safest, and by far more certain of success.

Knowing that his wife presides in his simple dwelling, and while she seeks to aid him by affectionate care and judicious economy his labors must provide the means for their support, how can this thought fail to give impetus to every exertion? All toil is sweet, all self denial a pleasure, because it is for her, or, rather, for both made one. Whatever the avocation or height of intellectual culture, the supreme love shielding, the new home is the same. The woodman's axe swings lighter, the ring of the hammer on the anvil has more music than fatigue on it, the farmer whistles more blithely over the work of seed-time and harvest, the sharpest toil of the mechanic is of joy when he knows that his fair young partner, while watching his return, is providing daintily for his comfort, and is ready to give him a loving welcome. Fairer visions are caught and transferred to the artist's canvas because colored with the thoughts of the one who presides over his home. The dullest subjects are clad with vigor and freshness in the author's mind because he cares more to please the gentle critic at home than the public. The image of the young wife, whose thoughts will follow him with faith and confidence in his success, enables the lawyer to think more clearly and plead his cause with more effective energy. The physician, as he goes among his patients, knows there is one—now all his own—who prays that his efforts may be rightly directed, and this knowledge so fills his heart and enriches it that this very presence by the sick-bed has healing in it. The young pastor will work with more zeal and tenderness because of the loving encouragement that will cheer him when he returns home.

Is any one inclined to call this sentimental romancing? We pity those who, having passed through their experiences of youth and middle age, or beyond the fourscore years, are not ready to accept this as sober truth.

In every position in life an early marriage that enables two faithful hearts to become the united architects of a home is a blessing that seems not to be fully understood. It builds up a more perfect manhood and womanhood that can be secured in any other way. Each is a shield to the other against the snares and temptations that lie in wait for the unwary, and those who walk alone. A happy early marriage is the strongest insurance of a pure life.

The advice is to wait till one has time and opportunity to know something of life so as to judge with prudence, putting all romantic notions out of the mind, too often proves a fearful temptation to evil and wrong-doing. Any one, man or woman, who ventures to assume the marriage relation chiefly from prudential reasons, instead of through the rich romance of the heart if such they choose to term it, has simply made a business bargain, instead of accepting what God has designed it to be—the richest and most blessed gift to mankind.

If betrothal or marriage is deferred, the young are easily caught in the fatal nets of society life, and submit to be governed chiefly by such regulations and ideas as are sanctioned by custom. Soon they find that the thought of "position" is tempting them to put off all idea of marriage until a chance shall offer, which a young man can secure only by allowing his head to govern his heart. Then, ambition, not love, becomes his master.

The young girl who loves early but is tempted to wait until she enjoyed a few seasons in fashionable life before she consents to consummate her betrothal, is in danger of throwing away her fairest opportunity to secure true, solid happiness just for a shadow "that shines to bewilder and dazzles to blind." She begins to think that it is but prudent for her to wait until her lover shall secure the means to enable her to begin their life in as elegant and genteel a style as her taste under fashionable train imperiously demanded, or at least, as high a financial position as her parents, after long years of toil, have attained, just as their daughter arrives at an age to be grafted in to another stock, forgetting that "a graft should always be willing to be a graft, patiently waiting until by legitimate growth it has made its own top," and has become strong enough by this patient waiting to vie with the parent tree.

The young girl who, after engagement, says, "I will not marry until my lover can provide for me as abundantly at the beginning of our married life as my father was able to do at the close of his," is sowing sorrow, "for her reaping by and by." But blessings will follow her who willingly goes forth to help build up another home, knowing that she may encounter many difficulties perhaps some hardships, and may find cause for much self denial. While she carries into her new life all the delicacy and refinement of thought and action which was fostered in the luxury and abundance of her father's house, she is ready to accept her husband's less prosperous, it may be straitened circumstances, and thus both together cheerfully endeavor to build up a fair and honorable position by beginning at the foundation. It is the greatest folly to protract an engagement after the lover has finished education and entered on his business or profession, until he shall have accumulated sufficient wealth to keep his bird in a gold en cage.

Begin your life's work together. That is the true way, and all the sweeter and happier if you begin small. The less style there is, the less of real wealth there is, the more time and the more need there will be to become fully acquainted with each other's complete character, and a better opportunity to learn how to bear and forbear, to aid each to tone down or modify such peculiarities as are in danger of disturbing mutual confidence and amiability. It is no blot or disparagement that there are some peculiarities—they are found in all characters. It is quite right it should be so, and if the same tenderness and courtesy which was so easily exercised in the days of courtship, is, by mutual consent or practice, carried into married life, the early wedded become more closely assimilated, and find in their union an ever-increasing happiness which marriages of more advanced ages seldom realize after their habits become fixed and more unyielding.

But some young people say, "Those who know us now in our father's house (if that early home chances to be one of luxury) would not stoop to recognize us if they found us in circumstances beneath those we now are known in. Besides, if we begin in a small way, with limited means, we will be subjected to some course, hard work, and thus "lose caste" among friends." Such friends are not worth regretting.

Having outgrown babyhood and childhood none can expect to be always cradled in their parents' arms. Those who are of any real worth will cheerfully accept the life as they find it. "Its rough ascents or flowery slopes," if trod together and in love, will insure genuine happiness. We often think one stores up quite as much real pleasure passing through the rough places as when walking among the flowers. We know that the retrospection is an unfailing source of blessed enjoyment.

Work together, plan together, select and furnish the house or rooms together. Be one in all home arrangements. The less talk of "mine and thine" the better. We are satisfied that "my rights" should be erased from the dictionary which governs husband and wife, and "our rights" substituted.

But, notwithstanding short engagements and early marriage certainly appear to be the most certain road to abiding happiness, there are some cases which necessitate a long engagement. But it is full of dangers and uncertainty. Yet if both continue faithful, and swerve not from their plighted vows until the circumstances which compelled delay have wasted or been overcome then a long engagement almost invariably ends in a very happy marriage. A love that has not been shaken by the long delay, and usually involving long absences, is not built on sand but on a rock, over which the floods may sweep and the wind threaten in vain. If young people were trained to look upon an engagement as a solemn contract as binding in God's sight as marriage, there would be very little danger.

If in early youth, before education is completed, and some profession or employment is secured, two meet and are drawn together, becoming devotedly attached, then the engagement, even if of necessity it must be long, is the wisest course. Any sacrifice is better than to relinquish the first love. We firmly believe in first love, given when the heart is young and tender, unstained by too close contact with the world and its bewitching, beguiling attractions. Such love, honestly given, and as truly returned, is next to a mother's love—the safeguard of young men and maidens.

SNAKE-CHARMER'S FATE.

Horrible Death of Friday Lerue From the Bite of a Pet Rattler.

Friday Lerue for years past had been a daring handler of the most poisonous snakes, and his terrible death at his home in Chinchilla, Pa. was received with feelings of horror all through the section, where he had frequently shown his prowess in subduing the dangerous reptiles, which he made his house pets.

On Thursday evening a party of friends were calling upon him, and, as usual, he took them into the snake room to exhibit his strange pets. As he was handling a blacksnake a rattler jumped out of the box, and the guests in the room at once made a dash for a place of safety. Lerue quietly placed the blacksnake back into its box and then rushed for the loose snake which was slashing the air with his tail and making the room resound with the clatter of his seventeen rattles. The snake charmer, who had but one leg, having lost the other while fighting for the Union, grasped a chair, and, moving it forward, rested himself upon it while he reached forward and grasped the snake by the tail. Swiftly the rattler darted round and sank its fangs into Lerue's left hand, but before loosing his grip the charmer dashed the snake into its box and secured it.

The poison soon began to assert itself, and, despite the use of every antidote at hand with which the man always kept himself supplied, it extended through the arm into the whole body. The limbs and body began to swell rapidly. The skin grew highly discolored, streaked with crimson and deep black. Three doctors were hastily summoned, but all their medical skill could do was to administer opiates to relieve the sufferings and delirium of Lerue. The swelling also extended to the head, and the left arm increased in size until the skin fairly bursted. The sufferings of the man were of the most terrible nature, and from the time he was poisoned by the fangs of the serpent to his death the contortions of his body in the delirious attacks were most repulsive.

Recently two United States revenue officers tried to arrest a smuggler who was bringing a load of gin from New Brunswick into Maine. The smuggler ran to the woods, pulled a cork which opened the gin casks, and nearly all of the liquor ran out before the officers could shut it off.

A Sand-Storm in New Mexico.

The air was still as death, and there was not a puff of wind nor a rag of cloud in the whole horizon. I observed, however, that the sky had undergone a curious change. There was no diminution of the blazing sunlight, but the deep blue had been superseded by the strange white glare that was nearly blinding, and the heat had increased rather than diminished. We saddled hastily, and were soon threading our way through the broiling labyrinth of sand-hills and out onto the broad mesa again. We had not gone more than a mile or two in the direction of Espanola when Joe, who had been glancing about in all directions, suddenly remarked, "Here she comes!" and jumping off his burro, commenced trying him up behind an adjacent heap of large boulders. We stared in the direction he pointed, but could discover nothing save the white sky, the hills, and the sandy plains. As we looked, however, we gradually became aware that far down the valley two or three of the hills had entirely disappeared, and, stranger still, that more of them were being eaten up under our very eyes!

A little brownish-black cloud, no bigger than one's hand, was the monster that was thus devouring the landscape. We hastily secured the animals in the shelter of the rocks, and came back to look. The cloud had already spread quite across the plain and valley, and was approaching with frightful rapidity. It was not more than five miles away. It swept along toward us, with constantly accelerating speed, a bellying, portentous black wall of dust, that sent long waving fingers up to the zenith. Mile after mile of mesa, and hill after hill, disappeared in its vast maw, until there was only one vast rise left. This was swallowed up, and then, almost before we could seek shelter, the storm was upon us with a shriek and a blast like the breath from a cannon.

In an instant everything was obscured. I peered through my half-closed lids, and could not see a sage-bush which I had noticed the moment before only a few feet distant. The air was full of the dull roar of the battling winds. We could hardly hear the sound of our voices when we shouted. Everything had been wiped away from the face of the earth, and a blur of gray dust was all that remained. I could barely distinguish those nearest me through this strange mist. The worst of it lasted for about half an hour, I should think, but the air was still full of dust when we arrived home about two hours later. Such is a New Mexican sand-storm. We found all our household goods covered with a mat of from half an inch to an inch of an impalpable powder, which had sifted in through every crack and cranny. Nothing had escaped.

How Lady Brassey Died.

A Port Elizabeth correspondent writes giving some particulars of Lady Brassey's death. It would seem that the party on the yacht consisted of Lord and Lady Brassey, Hon. Mr. Brassey, and the Hon. Misses Brassey (three). They had had a delightful cruise, and were bringing away from Australia exceedingly pleasant reminiscences. Lady Brassey was continuing her book and when the yacht left Port Darwin, Western Australia, on the 7th of September, seemed in the best of health and spirits. The Sunbeam went for a short cruise along the northern coast, and it is assumed that there her ladyship contracted some sort of malarial fever which frequently prevails in that region. Great uncertainty nevertheless prevailed as to the nature of the malady, and until the 11th of September no grave apprehensions were felt. On the following day, however, it became apparent that her condition was becoming critical, and alarm was evinced by the family. No surgeon was on board and the exact nature of the malady could not be ascertained. On Monday, the 12th of September, it became evident that her recovery was hopeless and that her ladyship was sinking. Next day the scene aboard the Sunbeam was an affecting one.

Feeling that her end was nigh Lady Brassey took a touching and affectionate farewell of her family, every member of which was on board. One of her last injunctions was that the book upon which she had devoted so much attention during the cruise should be published. Shortly afterwards she became unconscious, in which condition she remained till her death, about 11 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September. The interment took place at sunset of that day, and was a melancholy and memorable ceremony. Lord Brassey read a portion of the service, and the other members of the family assisted in the last sad rites.

A Book that is Neither Written Nor Printed.

Perhaps the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf, and, being interleaved with blue paper, is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed upon its composition must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered.

The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the vellum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II. of Germany offered for it in 1640 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England; but when it was in that country, and by whom owned, has never been ascertained.

To Tell Pure Water.

The color, odor, taste, and purity of water can be ascertained as follows:

Color.—Fill a large bottle made of colorless glass with water; look through the water at some black object.

Odor.—Pour out some of the water and leave the bottle half-full; cork the bottle and place it for a few hours in a warm place; shake up the water, remove the cork, and critically smell the air contained in the bottle. If it has any smell, particularly if the odor is repulsive, the water should not be used for domestic purposes. By heating the water an odor is evolved, tha twould not otherwise appear.

Taste.—Water fresh from the well is usually tasteless, even if it contains a large amount of putrescible organic matter. All water for domestic purposes should be perfectly tasteless, and remain so even after it has been warmed, since warming often develops a taste in water which is tasteless when cold.

An Austin colored servant was told to bring some refreshments into the parlor. To the amazement of the guests she came into the parlor holding the tray in one hand and carrying the house dog under her arm. "What do you mean by bringing that dog into the parlor?" "You see'm, dar is a cullud gemman out in de kitchen, and he am skeered ter be lef' alone wid dis here dog, so I had ter brung him erlong." "Well, Matilda, we are very much obliged to you for not bringing your admirer in under your arm and leaving the dog in the kitchen. We appreciate your kindness," replied the lady of the house.

TRANSPARENT LADIES.

The Picture that is Puzzling Philadelphia Photographers

In Philadelphia a photograph was taken in a sitting-room a few weeks ago that has been puzzling amateur and professional photographers alike ever since. The artist was W. Curtis Tayler, one of the most experienced photographers in the city, and the subject was a group of 18 young ladies. It was not a good picture, because several of the ladies moved, and Mr. Taylor had them sit again, but he finished up the negative and took a proof print from it, and then he saw several queer things in it.

On the extreme right of the group one lady stood partly against a white door, while another lady sat directly in front of her. The clear outlines of their faces show that neither of these ladies changed her position during the exposure of the plate; nevertheless the edge of the door frame, which appears above their heads, is continued without a break down through the hair of the lady who is standing, just misses her eye, and loses itself in her chin; while the paneling of the door shows through her shoulder and through the hair of the lady sitting in front of her.

Two ladies stood against the closed shutters of a bay window. Both their faces show distinctly in the photograph, but the lines of the moulding appear through the hair of both. The light struck this section of the window. Two other ladies stood—one against a dark section of the window, the other against a part of the frame which shows light. Both faces are badly blurred, but in neither case do the lines behind them appear on their portraits.

In all these cases in which the young ladies appear so alarmingly transparent, photographers say there is only one way to account for the mystery—the ladies must have moved long enough for the high lights behind them to impress themselves on the sensitive plate, which they will do, under certain circumstances, like a flash. The obvious fact that to do this some of them, especially the lady first mentioned, must have swung their heads and shoulders an arc of 45° is not permitted to interfere with the hypothesis.

But the hypothesis, such as it is, breaks down completely before the problem presented by the central figure of the group—a lady sitting in a deep, comfortable armchair with a solid back of wicker-work. She could not have moved out of that chair without falling out, and her beautiful clear portrait, the best in the group, shows that she must have sat like a statue; yet through her face, through her neck and through her body all the way down to her waist the wicker plating of the chair back is seen almost as distinctly as if there were nothing between it and the lens. The lady's body appears as a dark shadow projected on the lighter surface of the chair.

When asked to explain the phenomenon, Mr. Taylor promptly gave it up. The proof has passed through the hands of a number of photographers, both professional and amateur, and was discussed at the recent meeting of the Amateur Photographers' Society, and always with the same result. As a last resource it was submitted to A. K. P. Trask, the photographer of the Seybert Commission, who has made a special study of ghostly photography, and can turn out "spirit photographs" in any quantity to order. He accepted the movement hypothesis as to the door and window lines, but when his attention was called to the wicker chair he confessed that it was beyond his philosophy, and he could not accoun for it.

This is the way the case stands now:—The photograph cannot be accounted for under any of the known laws of matter, though it may have something to do with the "fourth dimension," for which some theorists contend. It is not a "spirit photograph," for, if it were, Mr. Trask would recognize it, and, besides, building materials and articles of furniture do not have spirits. None of the known laws of optics seem to meet the case, and for the present it remains a curious scientific problem.

Life Was Too Stupid.

A somewhat rare variety of mental disease, the monomania of philanthropy, has ended in the act against which the Everlasting has fixed his canon, a scrap of paper left by the deceased explaining that he found "this life *trop bete*." The victim was a young man named Eugene Orbecchi, of Paris. He had drifted into the fixed idea that his express mission here below was to reclaim fallen women, and he had yielded likewise to the hallucination that the objects of his humanitarian generosity would, as a matter of course, be all dying to quit their ways. Disillusion dogged his footsteps.

At length he encountered one Marguerite Mathis, who made him promises and acted repentance. He lodged her in a furnished apartment, and undertook to provide her with a dowry if she would espouse an honest artisan. Marguerite Mathis put the money of this *bon naif* into her pocket and augmented the number of her masculine acquaintances. One day Orbecchi discovered the perfidy of the female whom he imagined he was reclaiming, and in an excess of rage drew a knife and struck her with it. At the Assize Court the jury acquitted him. Two days after the acquittal of Orbecchi his counsel received the following note from him:

"On my way from the Conciergerie prison, the day before yesterday, I met Marguerite Mathis. She was with a pair of the wretches whom she continues to frequent. I see now that she is a lost soul. The last aim of my life had been to save her; I give it up. There is nothing more for me to do in this world. Mere existance is a burden to me. You will read in the newspapers to-morrow, *mon cher defenseur*, that a young engineer named Jules Duval has committed suicide by taking chloroform. That will be myself. I am now looking for a hotel where I can die quietly. When you have read the account of my suicide, please be kind enough to take the measures requisite for preventing me, in case I should fail, from being buried alive.

Orbecchi had selected a hotel in the Cite Bergere, and, having entered the above description of himself in the book kept for the police, he wrote that, "life was *trop bete*" (too stupid), and he poisoned himself with chloroform.

Murphy, of Goatville—Oi think yu'r'e a faver and ager politician, McGuiness. McG. (just elected Alderman)—How d'ye make dat out, Murphy? Murphy—Bekase you haye th' shakes down so foine. Before election you shake me by th' hand, but now yu shake me entoirely.

Several papers are praising the conduct of James D. Fish in the penetentiary. This shows the great value of prohibitory laws. See how easy it is for a man to be good in the penitentiary, when for the very life of him he can't behave himself in good society.

The manager of the New York telephone company states that on a recent day they received an average of 7½ calls from each of their almost seven thousand subscribers. One subscriber made 68 calls and another received 131 calls.

JOLLITIES.

Rice birds sell for 20 cents a dozen in Georgia. The amateur sportsmen down there can have pretty good luck for a dollar.

It has been discovered that the Irish tenants do not pay any quicker when charged by the police than when charged by the landlords.

It is said that the Czar of Russia generally wears a smile on his face. It is also currently reported that he occasionally takes one in his mouth.

A young man may have an honest ring in his voice while talking to his best girl, but it doesn't go unless he has an engagement ring in it.

A hygienic writer says that "no woman can walk in a corset." A great many women do "walk in it," but it is only by a tight squeeze.

Smith—It costs the City of New York several hundred dollars a week to keep Sharp in Ludlow Street Jail. Jones—Yes, but he cost the city more than that when he was out of it.

Father—Come, Bobby, you are all tired out; so hurrah off to bed. Bobby (with a slow and reluctant movement)—Pa, you oughtn't to tell a boy to hurry when he's all tired out.

Men gossip more than women—men who belong to clubs—and there is no sense in crediting every doubtful tale to Dame Rumor when Master or Old Man Rumor has put the yarn afloat.

Barber (to countryman in chair)—You don't get shaved very often, I guess, sir? Countryman—Don't get shaved often! I cum to town oncet a month, mister, an'b' gosh, I git shaved every time I cum!

A tailoring concern at Crawfordsville, Ind., offers a marriage license to every young man who will buy his wedding suit of them. The opposition establishment will do well to offer a decree of divorce.

"Wat dat, jedge? Yer ax me wat my wocashun am?" "Yes; what is your vocation? I mean what do you do for a living?" "Ah, yesser, yesser; I understands yer now. Wat I does for a livin' is—my wife takes in washin."

The fact that ninety-five cigar factories have shut down in Havana will not disturb the equanimity of our smokers. They know that the supply of "Havana" cigars turned out in New York tenement houses will never grow less.

"Haven't named your new boy yet, Ben?" "Well, no, not yet. You see, there's a dead-lock in the house. Wife wants him named Alice, for her mother, and I want to call him Benjamin, for his father." "Why don't you compromise?" "How?" "Name him Ben-Hur."

The Prince of Wales has taken to the common, cheap, every-day postal card. As a general thing a man doesn't like to receive so public a communication, but few of the snobs will object when the postman leaves a card from "Wales" at the boarding house, no matter who reads it.

"Singular, isn't it, what queer superstitions some people have? Now, there's Johnson; he says he never can bear to pass an open door." "Yes I know it. I saw him dive into five saloons while going a quarter of a mile yesterday morning. That's a very common superstition."

Master Tommy's father and mother were going to the theatre, and he was in grief because he couldn't go too. "Shut up, you inconsiderate brat," growled his father, "didn't you hear me say I only had two seats?" "And to think," whimpered Master Tommy, "that if you hadn't married mamma I might have gone along."

Do you remember the text this morning, Bobby?" inquired the minister, who was dining with the family. "Yes, sir. 'The last shall be first and the first shall be last.'" "And do you know what that means?" "I don't believe it means much. I'm never first, or even second; I'm always last," said hungry Bobby.

Miss Waldo—I met that young Mr. Wabash, of Chicago, this afternoon on Beacon street, Mamma. Mother—Did you, my dear? He is wealthy, is he not? Miss Waldo—Yes; his manners are crude, though. He lifted his hat politely enough, but said "Why hello, Miss Waldo!" just as if one were a telephone, you know.

"Sir," said the prisoner, "I did not pay this man for my refreshments because I know nothing of the value of money. I am a child of genius." And what is your age?" asked the justice. "Forty-two years." "Then it is time you were weaned," and his Honor gave him thirty days away from the bottle.

In a country court in England recently there was a trial to determine the ownership of a dog. The judge couldn't make out from the evidence which claimant was the real owner, so he made one stand on each side while an officer held the dog in the middle of the room. Then he told them both to whistle and the officer to release the dog at the same moment. When this was done the dog bolted through the open door. "Call the next case," was the comment the judge made, although the litigants stormed.

"Why did Methuselah live 900 years?" Because, my boy, there was no good reason why he should die. There was nothing to make him tired of life. There were no dudes, no politics, no Anarchists, no railroads, no schools, no books, no newspapers, no elections, no baseball clubs, no picnics—why should Methuselah want to die and go heaven? What was the matter with the to earth? A man wouldn't want to live 900 years now, if he could, unless he was a fool, and then nobody else would want him to live ninety days.

Men of Many Millions.

Armour, the packing king, is worth $50,-000,000.

Mackay and Fair are said to be worth $50,-000,000 each.

Editor Abell is said to have made $15,000,000 out of the Baltimore Sun.

The revenue Claus Spreckels derives from sugar has been as high as $18,000 a day.

Lucky Baldwin's wealth is estimated at $20,000,000 and his income at a million a year.

Weightman, the Philadelphia chemist owns $20,000,000 made mostly out of quinine and mortgages.

Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, is worth $20,000,-000 and pays his foreman a salary equal to that of the President of the United States.

Leland Stanford once thought he was doing well when he made $1,500 a year out of lawyer's fees. Now he is worth from $50,-000,000 to $100,000,000.

Isaiah Williamson, of Philadelphia, the richest bachelor in the United States, has made $20,000,000 out of dry goods, and has an income of $1,500,000 annually to dispose of.

Rockafeller, the coal oil baron, is worth $70,000,000 and as it is a poor standard oil stock which doesn't pay more than ten per cent. his income must be half a million a month at least.—Detroit Free Press.

One of the best and most valuable possessions is self-possession.

There are no rounds of drinks in the ladder of success.

The Monte Carlo people made this year thirty-five per cent profit. They also caused eighty funerals. It does seem as if the earthquake, fooling around the Mediterranean coast, was not attending to business as it ought to do in neglecting Monte Carlo so long.

Truro, N. S., made the proud claim that during its 130 years of existence its history was never stained by a murder. But the glory of Truro has departed. A young man named Clifford was shot dead there on last Sunday morning, and as usual it was whiskey that marred the record.

THE VIRDEN ADVANCE.

—WEEKLY—

Issued Every Thursday from the Office of Publication, Seventh Avenue.

TERMS: $1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Transient Advertisements, such as Sales, Entertainments, Legal Notices, etc., cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion, solid nonpareil measure.

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JOB WORK executed neatly.

C. J. ATKINSON, Proprietor. W. H. HALL, Editor & Manager.

The Virden Advance.

THURSDAY, JAN. 12th, 1888.

WELCOME INSTITUTION.

As before intimated, Virden is to have a bank, in fact has one, for Mr. Adamson, of Adamson & Co., arrived here last Friday evening and opened up business in Mr. A. G. McDonald's office, where he will remain until the new bank building is completed. It is needless to point out the great benefit such an institution will be to the county, for it has been patent to everyone for a long time past that in such a business centre as Virden is such an institution was a mere fly. Success to the enterprise.

WALLACE COUNCIL.

The last meeting of 1887 Council was held in Virden last Tuesday, Reeve Frame in the chair, when the minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

The new Council then met, Reeve Frame in the chair and the following Councillors present: Cushing, Angus, Younge, Joslin, Crosby and McDonald, sr.

Several communications and accounts were read by the Clerk.

Angus—Crosby—That W. H. McDougall be Clerk. Lost.

Younge—Cushing—That A. G. McDougall be Clerk. Carried.

Joslin—Crosby—That A. Austin be Treasurer. Carried.

Angus—McDonald—That W. J. Wilcox be Treasurer. Lost.

Angus—Crosby—That Mr. Scallion be Auditor. Carried.

Joslin—Young—That H. H. Read be Auditor. Lost.

McDonald—Cushing—That Mr. Menzies be Auditor. Lost.

Chas. McLean was appointed auditor by the Reeve.

Crosby—Joslin—That Scallion Bros. be allowed to perform their road work for this year. Carried.

Cushing—McDonald—That the salary for Clerk be $125, that the salary for Treasurer be $150, that the fee to Auditors be $3 each, and that the Treasurer furnish a bond from the Guarantee Co., say for one thousand dollars and satisfactory bondsmen for same amount as before. Carried.

Cushing—Angus—That J. S. Wood be appointed assessor for the municipality for 1888, at a salary of $50. Carried.

Crosby—McDonald—That Chas. McLean be appointed auditor for 1888. Lost.

Coun. McDonald gave notice he would introduce a by-law voting by ballot at municipal elections. Also a by-law imposing a license upon transient traders and auctioneers.

Angus—Crosby—That the regular meetings of this Council be held on the first Tuesday in each month. Carried.

McDonald—Crosby—That $1.65 of A. J. McLean's taxes be remitted. Carried.

McDonald—Younge—That the Treasurer be instructed to refund the overcharge in taxes to Wilcox & Co. Carried.

Cushing—McDonald—That J. H. Agnew be solicitor for the ensuing year on same terms as last year. Carried.

Cushing—Young—That the Clerk be instructed to have the municipal seal repaired without delay. Carried.

Crosby—Joslin—That Rule No. 11 be suspended to allow By-law 63 to be introduced. Carried.

The council formed committee of the whole, Coun. Cushing in the chair, when By-law 63 was read, and upon the Reeve resuming the chair it was read a third time and passed.

Coun. Younge gave notice that he would at next meeting of council introduce a by-law to define the duties of Clerk, Treasurer and Assessor.

Council then adjourned to meet first Tuesday in February.

A. G. MCDOUGALL, Clerk.

MINIOTA COUNCIL.

The last meeting of the above Council for the present year was held at the Beulah Hall, Beulah, on the 27th December.

The Reeve in the chair and Councillors Heise, Lyon, Rowan, Gerrard present.

The minutes of last meeting read by the clerk.

Heise—Lyon—That the minutes of last meeting be adopted as read. Carried.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Municipal Commissioner, *re* Municipal levy.

W. C. Paynter Commissioner *re* Statute Labor.

Gerrard—Rowan—That the request of Mr. Paynter be allowed and that he be permitted to perform his statute labor for 1887 in the ensuing year. Carried.

Heise—Lyon—That the taxes on the NE¼ of Sec. 36, 14, 27, be remitted. Carried.

Rowan—Lyon—That W. D. Paynter be paid the sum of $15.00 for extra services rendered in connection with sale of lands for tax-sale. Carried.

Heise—Lyon—That By-Law No. 58, as read a first time, be read a second and third time and adopted. Carried.

The following accounts were handed in by Finance Committee, who recommended payment of same: *Little Observer*, Printing Advertising, etc., $100.90; Arthur Stewart, Tax collector's book, $3.15; *Manitoba Gazette*, advertising, $24.30; J. Stanley, Typher tafe, $7.60; W. D. Paynter, Freighting sale, $5.00, extra services re land sale, $15.00; A. Blaith, Salary for running Beulah ferry, $175; J. Mitchell, balance of salary running ferry, $62.50; W. D. Paynter, Postage and stationery, $30.00; Mr. Taylor, Reeve, Fees and mileage, $42.95; Councillor Rowan, Fees and mileage, $4.00; Councillor Lyon, Fees and mileage, $2.00; Councillor Gerrard, Fees and mileage, $20.40; Coun. Rowan, Ferry, postage, etc., $6.55; G. Rowan, Making winter crossing at Ferry, $3.

Lyon—Heise—That this Council do now adjourn to meet at Beulah in accordance with the Municipal Act. Carried.

WILLIAM HOWARD, Clerk.

COMMUNICATIONS

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents, but are willing to give room to the pro and con of any time for the discussion of public questions.

We shall not publish any letter unless accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily intended for publication.

BRIARWOOD.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Weather continues stormy in this neighborhood and the snow is getting very deep. If the present weather continues much longer the farmers will suffer a blockade from snow and will be unable to haul their grain to market, as the roads are in a very bad condition.

Mr. R. Graham, who broke his collar-bone some time ago, is improving nicely. Dr. Wright, of Oak Lake, set the bone. The Dr. is fast becoming a household word in this part of his practice.

ELKHORN.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The weekly meeting of the Elkhorn Mutual Improvement Society was held in the Schoolhouse on Wednesday, Jan. 4th, Dr. Holston, President, in the chair. After the reading of "The Breeze" by the Secretary the extemporary debate "Whether is the equine or the bovine pets the more useful to man" was opened, the following gentlemen taking part: Messrs. Rotswell, Cushing, Little and Collings for the equine, and Messrs. Movat, Gilbert, Hanbly and Rothnie for the bovine. The discussion was carried on with much spirit, and many a good mainteine joke was cracked to the amusement of the audience; but it was evident the equine advocates were getting the worst of it, as superiority of straight animals was the only point they could advance in their favor. The debate was then left in the hands of the three judges, Messrs. Taylor, Rowand, and McKenzie, who gave their verdict in favor of the bovine. Next night, Jan. 11th, Mr. Fortune, will deliver a Temperance Lecture, on which discussion will be invited, and it is to be hoped there will be a full attendance.

Wheat still continues to move steadily, even although trails are in a very bad state. About 60,000 bushels have already been delivered here, and it is expected that shipments will reach 100,000 bushels by the close of the season.

Jan. 9th, 1888.

ELM VALLEY.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

R. H. Graham intends to try the threshing again as soon as the weather permits and men can be got together.

The bulk of the grain here is still unthreshed and has every appearance of remaining so.

R. H. Best has gone to Winnipeg for the winter.

J. McBride, of Carberry, has been visiting friends in this vicinity.

Rev. H. Littlehales, Presbyterian missionary, intends taking up land here and will bring out his mother and sisters in the spring.

Miss Emma Best has returned home from Winnipeg.

J. W. Peters, who is attending the Normal school at Winnipeg, spent his holidays at home.

Miss Carrie Bell arrived here from her school on Wednesday.

Those farmers that have threshed have their grain mostly marketed, but according to present indications the ones having to wait will not lose much by it. Grain in its present normal state seems inclined to go up in price, but should the European war cloud burst the future might be one of great possibilities.

Small parties are quite in order now. The winter season is well upon us, and all have plenty of time to enjoy themselves.

The "Governors" have no excuse to offer now when the boys want to go and see the girls, thus relieving the boys of the necessity of having to resort to such expedients as breaking plow handles etc.

Mr. C. H. Shaw has employed T. T. Grimmett to instruct his children during the winter.

OAK LAKE.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The Rev. Charles Quinney will will on Thursday evening the 19th inst., at Oak Lake, at a public meeting, give his experience and that of Mrs. Quinney while prisoners in the camp of Big Bear Indians, in the Fort Pitt District, during the rebellion, and relate some of the thrilling incidents connected with the rebellion in the North-West, in which Mr. and Mrs. Quinney were prisoners in the hands of the rebels and barely escaped with their lives, which promises to be very interesting and instructive. A small charge of 25 cents will be made to go towards paying off the debt on the organ.

Snow has fallen several times during the past week, and sleighing is now very good, but drifted in some places.

There are four grain buyers now at Oak Lake.

There is much talk lately as to the probability of an early election. There is no conservative candidate named yet as likely to take the field in this County. There was a bungle last time which caused a split in the party. Mr. Rowlinge told your correspondent before he left for England that he would not be a candidate again so we hope that a sound conservative may be induced to contest the riding with Mr. McLean, the present member. The latter is respected because he is an out and out liberal and we know on what side to find him, but we despise a half and half man, sometimes called an independant, which really means a man looking for office.

OAK LAKE MARKETS.—Wheat 53 to 54 cents, Barley 30 cents, Oats 22 cents, Potatoes 50 cents, Butter 22 to 25 cents, Eggs 25 cents, Chickens 10 cents, per lb, Beef 10 cents per lb, Lard 15 cents.

WAPELLA.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

A Happy New Year to all.

The winter has now fairly set in.

Grain, grain, grain, nothing but grain, north, south, east and west.

Cleveland, of the firm of Dibes & Cleveland, is buying for that firm here, and is with his assistant kept pretty busy. Thos. T. Hamill is buying for Hamill & Co. and gets a good share of all that comes in. It is an old adage, but a very true one, that "honesty is the best policy" and Cleveland & Dibes and Hamill & Co. have proved it by giving good weight, and grading fair, and in consequence drawing the farmers to Wapella from all points of the compass. T. J. Smith is the financial agent of Hamill and Co., and C. H. Morrison pays out for Cleveland & Dibes.

G. H. M. returned from Brandon yesterday looking awfully happy over something, but went say whether the day is fixed or not.

Mr. Ashton, bailiff of the International, fell down the cellar on Monday evening and was badly bruised but will be all right, we hope, in a couple of weeks. It appears Mr. A. was descending the cellar stairs for some milk when her foot slipped, precipitating her to the bottom. Everyone who knows the lady is glad to know matters are no worse, as Mrs. Ashton is a lady well liked by all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance.

The new club have decided upon having their first dance shortly, when the *creme de la creme* will, upon the production of credentials and $3, be granted a ticket. Dress suits, or at least long-tailed coats, will be *caeme il faut*.

Frank says he likes Charlie more every day.

The Wapella Agricultural show takes place on Oct. 2nd. Applications should be addressed to T. T. Law, Sec.-Treas., Box 270, Wapella.

Donald Black, alias Jack Wolesley, attending Supreme Court.

W. Geake and F. Turner are still loading hay.

C. Page expects to be through with his contract with T. J. in two weeks.

M. M. McArthur is turning out A 1 jumpers like hot cakes, giving great satisfaction both with workmanship and price.

Abolish The Manitoba Gazette.

The abolition of this nuisance ought to engage the attention of the Legislature at its approaching session. There may be a few reasons why the Provincial Government should have an official paper, but there are more and stronger reasons why it should not assume the form of the Manitoba Gazette, which is so operated that it is nothing more than a leech upon our money from the pockets of the people. It is an indirect tax upon every municipality that has lands to sell for taxes or requires official notices; upon every property owner who desires to put his property under the Torrens System; and it increases the cost of land system; and upon every poor devil who gets into the hands of the sheriff, as well as upon other persons and corporations that might be mentioned. If the Government wants an official medium through which to present to the public the few announcements it has from time to time to make, let it have its Gazette and pay for the printing of it, but there is no reason why banks, municipalities, corporations and persons should be taxed by having to advertise everything in the Gazette and also in the newspapers. The newspapers are the proper places for public notices, and the publication of notices in the newspapers is sufficient. Very few people get the Manitoba Gazette and very few who get it ever look at it. This is a reform that the Harrison Government can easily make, and one that will cause every municipal corporation in the Province and thousands of people to rise up and call them blessed. If they do not abolish it they deserve to be thrown out of office.—*Emerson International.*

Rev. Mr. Silcox Attacks the Government.

On Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Silcox of Winnipeg, preached his annual sermon in memoriam of the departed year, this particular one being distinguished as "The Graves of 1887." Towards the close of the sermon the Rev. gentleman spoke on the present political situation, the following extract being taken from the Winnipeg *Call's* report of the sermon:—

Speaking of politics he expressed his firm conviction that he was only proper and just that young men should take an interest in the welfare of the state in which they lived. He believed that the welfare of the nation should weigh constantly upon the intelligence of every citizen, especially of every christian citizen. For men who did God's Will in the parliaments of the world he had the highest regard. The Christian statesman was confident in his God no less than the christian apostle. The truths that Christ taught must be incorporated, but only in the individual life, but in the national life as well. Referring to the political situation in the province he said: "What this province of Manitoba needs, sorely needs just now, is men of ability, men of truth and men of honor, to lift the province out of the mire though fair which it has been dragged by politicians politicians and lift it to a respectable position before the world. We are in a sorry, shameful plight to-day. Men who were the leaders have left the ship floundering on the shoals and are asking Parliament to pass special laws to make them lawyers; time they will make the noble profession of the law a sewer pit for smirched politicians. How art thou fallen oh justice and law. As a citizen and as one who has loved this province, and I know I speak for many, I feel humiliated when I consider the present condition of the province. We are the colony of a colony; the dependent of a dependency and our rulers are willing to have it so. The province has been trampled upon and spat upon by a large bull-dozing corporation and our leaders have not had the manliness to resent the insult, but like whipped dogs they have licked the hand that made them. They have proved themselves either incompetent or criminal, or both, and are not worthy to represent a people who possess the spirit and independence that have characterized Anglo-Saxons the world over. It would be an unspeakable blessing to the land if some strong man should arise and go into the Legislature, as Oliver Cromwell once did, and drive the whole kitten, or other to make room for capable, honest men. If it is true that a nation is known by the character of the men that it elects to office, what will the world think of us."

RICHLY REWARDED are those who will read, ponder and then act; those who are honorable, industrious may find work that will more than double their income. The business we offer is the largest and best for every industrious person, and we prove it. We are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upward per day, who is willing to work. Either sex; young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any. Write to us at once for all particulars, which we will mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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It is the Brightest, Newiest and Widest read of all the Manitoba Papers.

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THE SUN,
Winnipeg.

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READ! READ!

The New-West Farmer will be mailed to any address, from now to December 31, 1888, for 50 cents, cash subscription, price two dollars. It will be sent free of charge to any one who will send in the names of five subscribers, in addition either of these beautiful premium pictures, viz.: "The Home Force, or the contribution of Commerce to the Family," or "Industry Knocking at the Farmer's Door." Every home in Manitoba, and Dominion, and home the world over, may enjoy it. It is the only Agricultural Journal in the Province, and is issued in the Canadian North-West. It contains 24 pp. monthly, bands neatly got up, and a thoroughly practical farmers paper. It is divided into departments, and the latest and best information obtainable published. The departments are:

AMONG THE FARMERS

Containing descriptions of the farms, stock and agricultural skilled during the month.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES

Containing the news of the latest doings of the different Agricultural societies.

LIVE STOCK.

Veterinary Department in which all veterinary questions will be answered free of charge by a prominent Veterinary Surgeon.
The Dairy.
Poultry and Pet Stock.
Editorial.
The Field
Grain and Milling.
Bees, Honey and Forestry.
Trade and Impt.
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Exclusive Short
Chats with Readers.
Questions and Answers.
The Horticulturist.
The Markets.

These departments are supplied by thoroughly competent men, who are either themselves practical farmers or obtain their information from practical farmers. The best performers in the country, to contribute articles are copied by the best agricultural papers in the United States and Canada, and it is admitted by all to be the most reliable source of information on all farm interest to the settler. To outsiders who wish to get posted on things as they are at the Best River and its tributaries, the compact and sober guide to the New West Farmer, whose travelling correspondent lives amongst the people and is acquainted with the pioneer farmers than any other in the country.

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Enclose $1.00 in a registered letter (writing name of subscriber and post office very plainly), and address,

NOR-WEST FARMER
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The Old Reliable,

The Fa mers' Store.

CALL QUICKLY AND GET SOME

OF OUR

BARGAINS.

OUR VALUES

SURPRISE THE FARMERS.

DOWNS BROS

WH N WHEAT MOVES

TRADE BRIGHTENS UP.

There is no doubt about this. The Farmer has his hand on the money bag of the Country. Until the Farmer markets his grain the merchants and the machine men must wait for their money. For the north-west the Farmers will have their innings, although they have been holding for a long time. And why not, with their stacking well through, steam threshers running on all sides, an unusually large yield and fair prices, give the boys and girls a day or two and take the wife to town to buy her the new goods at

W. F. SCARTH'S?

As to prices, they are low, as comparison will prove, and with a view to proving it we ask you to make the comparison. Call and look over our stock whether you wish to buy or not—We do not ask you to, it's not our way, nor do we count it a trouble to show goods, on the contrary we take pleasure in doing so. It is human nature, you know, to want to show a new thing when you have it, and we plead guilty to the weakness.

JUST OPENED UP, the following lines: Ladies Dress Flannels, Tweed and Serge Dress Goods, Cashmeres, Velvets and Plushes in all shades and prices. A Full assortment in Dress Trimmings, Sterle, Buttons and Silks. A Large Line of Grey and Colored Flannels. Full Lines in Ladies and Misses Cashmere and Wooled Hose. Heavy Lines of Cotton and Linen Crash Bags, Carpets, Comforters and Blankets.

These Goods were all purchased in the Best Eastern Markets, Well Selected, and marked at prices that cause our competitors to remark:

GREAT HEAVENS, HE MUST STEAL 'EM.

Mrs. Rothmund

at her New Stand on 7th Avenue, two doors west of Nelson St., is now showing her

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

LOWER THAN EVER.

A splendid assortment of ready-made Ulsters, also Dress Goods and stylish trimmings in great variety.

Millinery, Feathers, Flowers, Fancy Silks, Plushes and Ulstering Cloths.

First-class dress and mantle making by an experienced Dressmaker.

John Horsman,

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OAK LAKE.

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Oils, Paints, Window-glass, Building paper and all other goods to be found in a First-Class Establishment.

Prices guaranteed to be as Low as any west of Winnipeg. Call and see prices.

Canadian Pacific Ry

TOWN LOTS

THE TOWN SITE TRUSTEES OFFER FOR SALE

BUILDING SITES AT ALL STATIONS ON MAIN LINE

OF RAILWAY, BETWEEN BRANDON AND CALGARY

W. B. SCARTH, Trustee.

Agent in Virden for Town Lots,

J. F. FRAME

ITY MEAT MARKET

W. B. SARJANT

begs to thank his numerous customers for the liberal patronage they have bestowed on him during the four years he has been in business in Virden, and hopes by strict attention to meait a continuance of their custom.

MEAT! MEAT!! MEAT!!!

of the Primest Quality always in stock, and at prices Lower than Ever,

Special Inducements to buyers of Large Quantities.

The Virden Advance

THURSDAY, JAN. 12th, 1888.

VIRDEN AND VICINITY.

BACK AGAIN.—Dr. and Mrs. McLaren returned from Ontario last Thursday.

A COLD SNAP.—Last Monday the thermometer in Virden registered 45 below zero.

VIRDEN MARKETS.—Wheat 46 to 51 cents, Oats 20 to 22 cents, Butter 20 cents, Eggs 20 cents.

SHIPPED FROM HARGRAVE.—A large quantity of wheat is being shipped from Hargrave just now.

IMMIGRATION.—We notice that the early returns show a total immigrant arrival in Canada of 14,362, against 8,03,87 last year.

ARE YOU JURY OR NO JURY.—Mr. A. Mclean, M.P.P., left for Winnipeg Wednesday morning to attend the opening of the Legislature to-day.

MORE TO FOLLOW.—Preparations are being made for another ball in the Virden Town Hall to be held shortly, which is to be followed in the near future by two others.

DID NOT COME OFF.—The skating race between R. Langtry and A. Phillips for a purse of $20 did not come off last Friday night owing to the indisposition of A Phillips.

COMING AGAIN.—It has been announced that the Manitoba College students will again give entertainments during the Easter holidays in the various towns they recently visited.

NEW POST OFFICE.—A new post office has been opened on 14, 10, 28, west of the first principal meridian, Manitoba, with Mr. W. J. Giles as postmaster. The name of the new office is Daly.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Mr. A. D. Cooper wishes to inform his friends and patrons that he will be leaving Virden on the 1st of February for a few months during which time his studio will be closed.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We should be obliged of our several correspondents would keep us well posted in events going on in their districts from time to time, not forgetting the births, deaths and marriages.

NEW LUMBER BUSINESS.—We understand that Mr. John Mooney, who has withdrawn from the firm of Wyatt & Co., intends, with a partner, opening up a lumber yard and hardware business in the course of a few weeks.

EXCHEQUER RESIGNED.—Mr. A. G. McDougall has resigned his position as Exchequer for the County of Dennis, which resignation has been accepted. Mr. John Parr, of Brandon line, has been appointed to fill the position thus made vacant.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—On account of the Social in the town hall next Wednesday evening there will be no meeting of the Debating Society. The debate for the following Wednesday will be "Resolved that an Absolute Monarchy becomes less to form the Republic."

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Virden Presbyterian congregation will be held in the Wesleyan hall next Wednesday, the 18th inst., at 11 o'clock. At the close of the meeting tea will be served by the ladies and a social time spent. Ladies are requested to bring baskets.

COMMITTEE MEETING.—Last Monday a meeting of the Executive Committee of the County of Dennis Conservative Association was held in Virden for the purpose of electing a President, to act until the Hamilton annual meeting, Mr. T. Routledge having resigned. Mr. J. P. Fraser, of Virden, was elected to the office.

DISSATISFACTION EXPRESSED.—A great deal of dissatisfaction is being expressed by the farmers at the prices paid for wheat at this point, and not without cause, for during the whole of the present season Oak Lake buyers have been paying some 2 to 3 cents per bushel more than the Virden buyers, and the Hargrave buyers are also paying more.

WILL GIVE HIS EXPERIENCE.—We understand that the Rev. Chas. Quinney will, next (Thursday) evening, Jan. 12th, in the Presbyterian Church, Oak Lake, give an account of his experience with Big Bear and Indians during his own and wife's captivity among them in the rebellion of 1885. An admission fee of 25 cents will be charged, which will go to pay of debt on organ.

ELECTION IN ASSINIBOIA.—The election of a member of the Local Legislature took place in Assiniboia last Tuesday. The candidates were Mr. Frank Ness (Government) and Mr. McArthur (Independent). The fight has been short (about ten days) but severe. A dispatch was received here last Tuesday evening to the effect that Mr. McArthur had been elected by a majority of 55 votes.

TO THE FARMERS.—At the annual meeting of the Dennis Agricultural Society, it was decided to hold meetings of farmers during the winter months for the purpose of discussing practical subjects of interest to farmers. The first meeting will be held in the Virden Town Hall next Tuesday, the 17th inst., at 13:30 o'clock sharp, when Mr. Elder, the president of the Society will read a paper on "Summer Fallow," and Mr. A. G. McDougall will read one on "Hail Insurance." These papers will be followed by a general discussion on the subjects. There should be a large turn out of farmers, as these are subjects that affect every agriculturist in the district.

LITTLE LOCALS.

—Lots of snow on the ground now.

—The roads are very heavy for drawing grain.

—Get your friends to subscribe for the Virden ADVANCE.

—Mr. Adamson, banker, arrived here last Friday evening.

—Mr. Peter Lynk left for Ontario last Friday to spend a few weeks there.

—The Councils of the different municipalities hold their first meeting last Tuesday.

—Rev. R. Currie intends discussing the question found in 1 Kings XIX. 9, next Sabbath evening.

The Rev. J. H. L. Joslyn will preach next Sunday afternoon at S. Sparrow, and at Virden in the evening.

—Mr. W. G. Elworthy left for Winnipeg last Sunday to consult a physician, his health being far from good.

—A Memorial Sermon will be preached next Sunday, at 11 o'clock, relating to Mary Ann Leverington, deceased, at Mr. Mathews' residence, Pipestone.

—VIRDEN has got a brass band, and we heard them play the "Rose of Allendale," when it was twenty below zero. That's pluck for you.—*Moosomin Courier.*

—Mr. Thos. Topp left for his old home in Ontario last Friday, where he will remain for about two months. He intends bringing a car of stock with him when he returns.

—Mr. F. Norsworthy, who has been in Winnipeg for the last year, returned to Virden last Monday, he having been appointed agent at this point for the Watson Manufacturing Co.

—Mr. M. Leach, of Leach Bros. who lately got their mill burned down at Oak Lake, was in the city yesterday, sizing up the chances of his firm getting sufficient inducements to erect their mill here instead of at Oak Lake. The Messrs. Leach are prepared if these inducements are offered to erect here in the spring a 200 barrel mill and to do grinding on strictly grinding principles. We hope they will be encouraged in their ambitious.—*Dominion Times.*

—When a man comes into the office and plunks down the cash and says, "send me your paper for a year," that means business. If I want your paper, but haven't the money now," that's all right. When he takes off one of the postoffice envelopes several months and sends it back "refused," that's meanness. When a man spends from ten cents to a dollar for cigars or beer a week, and says he can't afford to take his own home paper, that's a—no such thing. When a man borrows his neighbor's paper to read every week, that's check.—*Plattsburgh Leader.*

Blundered With the Gun.

TORONTO, ONT., Jan. 8.—Hugh Jamieson, of Brooklea, who has been on a visit to relatives in Toronto, called last night and did another day's work. P. McFarrin, who on retiring to rest last night placed his gun in the hall, this morning he was found dead in bed, having turned it on again. He was about 50 and leaves a wife and nine children.

Gone to Her Rest.

We regret to announce the death of Annie, fourth daughter of Mr. James Leverington, an extensive farmer on the Pipestone, which sad event took place on the 5th inst. For the last year back she has been suffering from lung disease, the affliction getting more severe during the last few weeks. Miss Leverington was a very promising young lady. Not only in the home circle, of which she was the life, but by all who knew her she was beloved and esteemed. The Community will long miss her bright and cheerful presence. The family have the sympathy of the entire Community in their sad bereavement. The funeral took place on the 11th inst. and was attended by a goodly number. The Rev. Mr. Joslyn will preach a memorial sermon at the residence of Mr. John Mathews next Sunday.

The Garden.

For the management of vegetable gardens and flower beds, the seed growing the culture of flowers for Min and information concerning all kinds of seeds, planting and cultivation in the garden and flowers, D. M. Ferry & Co.'s Seed Annual for 1888 will be found as complete as any such of a small exhibitor ever issued. The variety and excellence of the large information given renders Ferry's Annual worthy the special attention of every one interested in having delicious vegetables or beautiful flowers. D. M. Ferry & Co. rank in the growing and sale of Onion Seed, leading specialty, and give some interesting information on onion culture so as to make their Annual of permanent value to all onion growers and gardeners. The Annual can be had for the asking. Address D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Vick's Floral Guide.

A silver lining to every cloud! With the short dull days of early winter cause the cheery holidays and Vick's beautiful annual, and its spring already appears not so distant. We can almost see the growing grass and the blooming flowers. In the way of Catalogue, Vick's Floral Guide is unequalled in artistic appearance, and the edition of each year that appears simply perfect, is surpassed the next. New and beautiful engravings, and three colored plates of flowers, vegetables, and grain, are features for the issue for 1888. Its invitation, tinted cover, with original designs of most pleasing effects, will ensure it a prominent place in the household and library. It is itself a treatise on horticulture, and is adapted to the wants of all who are interested in the garden or house plants. All for a dime (cost 10 cents) Published by James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

Carnival.

The first carnival of the season was held in the Virden rink for Friday evening, under the auspices of the Virden Brass Band; and as regards the attendance it was decidedly a success. The number in costume was small, a full list of which are given below. Following is the list of prize winners in the different events:

Boys half mile race, under 15 years—M. Mooney $2.00, Bertie Meek $1.

Best lady skater.—Miss D. Irwin, Jessie Tarbett; Miss Hooper and Miss Bagge, recommended.

Best Gent Skater—Mr. McNevin, dressing case; R. Langtry, recommended.

Best ladies' costume—Miss Bagge, china fruit dish with silver handles; Miss Hooper and Miss D. Irwin, recommended.

Best Gents' costume—R. H. Goulter, pair of skates.

Obstacle race, half mile—Henry McGuffin, $2.00; R. Mooney, $1.00.

Mile race, open to all—R. Langtry, $5.00; W. Clingan, $3.00; Henry McGuffin, $2.00.

Following is the list of those in costume:

Miss Dolly Irwin, Morning Star; Miss Hooper, Gipsy;

Miss Lena Bagge, Vanity;

J. McDougall, Horned Hickory Raper;

H. Goulter, Snowshoes;

D. Langtry, Baseballer;

W. Downs, Snowshoes;

Mr. Porter, Cricketer;

W. H. McDougall, Drunken Trapper;

W. Clingan, Irishman.

During the evening the Virden band played several selections in splendid style.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Notices under this heading, free.

BIRTHS.

CAMERON.—In the Municipality of Woodwork, on the 3rd ult., the wife of R. Campbell of a son.

JOSLYN.—At the Methodist Parsonage, Virden, on the 6th inst., the wife of Rev. J. H. L. Joslyn of a daughter.

DEATHS.

LEVERINGTON.—At Pipestone, on the 5th inst., Mary Ann Leverington, daughter of Mr. James Leverington, aged 19 years.

BOYNER.—At Virden, on the 8th inst., Isabella, infant daughter of George and Margaret Boyner, aged 2 months.

GRAIN CHOPPING.

THE UNDERSIGNED has just purchased, and placed a grain chopper on his premises, one mile N. and 1 mile W. of Virden, prepared to crush grain every Tuesday and Friday.

DAVID BURNS.

STALLION FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—That fine young Stallion, "Weaver Chief," 4 years old, 1 year to run. Can be seen at Kane's Livery Stables, Virden. For terms apply to

D. McLEAN & STEWARTS & BRISK, Virden.

CARD OF THANKS.

MR. Norwood, Kilburn, Dec. 11th, 1887.

D. M. FERRY, Manager of Michigan Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

DEAR SIR.—I beg to thank you for your very prompt and satisfactory payment of my claim of $100. It mailed dollars for my loss by fire on the 8th instant.

Your action in paying this sum without one hour's delay, on the presentation of my claim, proves which is an honest company to your Co.

ALEXANDER STEWART, Sr.

Dissolution of Partnership.

WE, the undersigned, have this day agreed by mutual consent to dissolve the partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Wyatt & Co., Virden, and all accounts due the firm of Wyatt & Co. must be paid to every at the Company's office, Virden, or legal proceedings will be taken to collect the same, and which receipts will be given by W. G. WYATT or JOHN MOONEY.

Lumber sold at cost 1 for 20 days for cash.

Dec. 27th, 1887.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last century. Not least among the wonders of invention practice is a method now offered of work that can be performed at every, the easiest, and the most profitable work for those from their homes. We illustrate; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no capital; profits large, and capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return it to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Great success attends those who start first. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

J. H. AGNEW.

Barrister, Attorney, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, Etc.

MONEY TO LOAN.

NELSON ST. - - - VIRDEN.

C. Burgess,

NELSON STREET.

Large stock of FURNITURE constantly on hand.

Hardware Lumber

We extend to our patrons and friends a HEARTY NEW YEAR'S GREETING, and hope the year of 1888 will prove a HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS one to you all. We will be pleased to have you drop in and see us when in town. We aim to keep a full stock of Lumber of all kinds, Heavy and Shelf Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Stoves, Tinware, Furniture, Blacksmith's and Stove Coal, etc.,

AT PRICES THAT CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD

Frame & Miller,

NELSON STREET. - - - VIRDEN.

GREAT BOON TO THE PUBLIC.

A New Drug Store.

A large and complete stock of Drugs and Drug Sundries, Patent Medicines, etc.

Household and family receipts and Doctors prescriptions carefully compounded by an experienced druggist, Night or Day.

We have also a Complete Stock of Books and Stationery, consisting of Bibles' Prayer-Books, Hymn Books, Historical and Sensational literature.

A FULL LINE OF SCHOOL AND OFFICE SUPPLIES.

Law Forms, Xmas Cards, Plush and Morroco Albums, Ladies' Plush Handbags, Fancy Plush Boxes and Easels, Wallets, Pocket-books and Purses.

MR. C. SCADDING, Member of Ontario College of Pharmacy, Toronto, who has had TWENTY-FIVE YEARS experience in the Drug business, and has entire management of the store, will give satisfaction to those who will favor us with their patronage. Remember,

The CITY DRUG Store,

NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE.

FIFTY YEARS AT THE FRONT.

For nearly 50 years the recognized authority the world over on all agricultural matters, always abreast of the times, and always spending lavishly for the best talent and experience. The

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST

begins 1888 with new contributors, new artists and new type, and the editorial staff, which has made this Periodical a power in both hemispheres, so far-reaching, will be found as brainy, thorough, practical and reliable as ever, while the Spring and Fresh-news of youth. The Agricultural department with the growing interest in agriculture, and the great amount thought, investigation, and outlay bestowed on it, will be found the ONE STRONG AGRICULTURAL PAPER, to furnish the current agricultural literature where the English and German languages are spoken. Every number contains nearly 100 original articles from 50 different writers. Price $1.50 a year; single numbers, 15 cents.

CHRIST ON CALVARY,

The First and Only Reproduction in this Country, and

BEFORE PILATE.

These magnificent works of art are neither oil nor crayon, nor ordinary engravings, but they are an exquisite photo-type, far superior to anything in the market. Christ on Calvary is an exquisite photo-type, far superior to anything in the market. Christ before Pilate, the companion picture, is secured for us by the Messrs. Severe process, of Paris, and has every other art and beautiful quality, superior, of course, to mere engravings, and equal to the best of them, taste of action and general excellence, in close competition. They are on heavy plate paper, 22x28 inches in size, for framing, and are prepared for the purpose. Price 25c each, both forwarded in tubes, post-paid, to one address, for $1.35.

American Agriculturist (English or German), with *choice of Pictures*, $1.65.
American Agriculturist " " *and choice Pictures*, $2.00.

Send postal for Specimen number, English or German, full description of the Pictures, and Portrait of Munkacsy, the painter of these great works, now attracting world-wide attention.

CANVASSERS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Address, Publishers American Agriculturist,

DAVID W. JUDD, Pres't. 751 Broadway, N. Y.

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. In suits for subscriptions, the suit may be instituted where the paper is published.

4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post-Office, whether subscribed for or not, is prima facie evidence of intent to defraud.

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THE BEST ARE THE CHEAPEST.

Write us for Illustrated Catalogues, Free.

BEETHOVEN PIANO ORGAN CO.

WASHINGTON, WARREN CO., N.J.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

DEED SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work, that can be done while living at home, should at once send address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All agreed.

VIRDEN ADVANCE.

$1.50

A YEAR.

SCRIP FOR SALE.

$75 to $80 SAVED!

Parties desirous of paying for their pre-emptions can obtain Scrip from the undersigned at a great discount, and save $75.00 to $80.00 in the purchase, from the Government.

Apply to

W. T. B. KENNEDY,

Registrar,

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ADAMSON & CO.,

BANKERS,

VIRDEN, MANITOBA.

Current accounts kept and general banking business done.

Drafts issued on all points in Canada.

Sterling Exchange purchased.

Scrip, C. P. R. Land Grant Bonds and Canada N. W. Land Co. Stock for Sale.

Office: Next Mr. A. G. McDougall's,

NELSON ST., - - - VIRDEN.

VIRDEN ADVANCE

From now till

Janua y 1st, 1889,

only $1.50

Virden Roller Mills

These Mills have now started up for the Season after having been closed down for some time for the purpose of putting New and

Improved Machinery,

and are running night and day.

The quality of Flour now turned out is unsurpassed in the country.

Bran and Shorts

in large quantities can be had at.

$8.00 and $10.00

PER TON.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT.

A GREAT SECRET;

OR,

SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XI.

Poor Peggy felt, as the door of the *salon* closed behind her and she crept with downcast head along the hall, as if the last faint inducement to continue to exist had gone. As she sneaked along the hall, blind and deaf to everything but her own unspeakable humiliation, she suddenly felt a hand laid gently on her arm just when she passed through the doorway which led to the staircase. She started with a low cry of nervous terror. It was only Gerald, who was looking kind and sympathetic. He had just returned from Calais, and was taking off his driving-gloves.

"What's the matter, Miss Beresford?"

"O—O—O! Everything's the matter. I—I fell into the water, and M. and Madame Fournier, and—and my father and everybody saw me—all—all over mud! O, why wasn't it dee-e-ep enough to drown me!" sobbed she.

"Who is it? What has happened?" asked in French a bright man's voice unknown to her.

She turned her head and saw that the last, worst blow of all had fallen. By her side, looking down at her with much amused astonishment, was a tall, slight, handsome young fellow, a little too showily dressed for an English gentleman, who was twirling a very small dark moustache into neat upturned points, and smiling serenely as if it were the only possible expression for one's face when looking at a woman.

"Mdlle. Beresford?" he asked, still smiling, with his head inquiringly on one side, as he examined the limp, crushed, shabby little person, of his future bride.

"May I introduce M. Victor Fournier?" said Gerald hastily, in a coaxingly gentle tone, which caused the bridegroom-elect to look at him with raised eyebrows, but without relaxing the chivalrous duty-smile.

It was such an informal ceremony altogether, this ghastly finale to a most ghastly incident, that Victor, after making a deep bow, which she answered by a drooping and despondent curtsy, good-naturedly held out his hand, and received, on the lavender gloves he wore for this ceremonious call, the impress of three muddy little fingers. She saw at once what she had done, but by this time her despair had reached the point of recklessness, and she looked up at him with the solemn face of one for whom misery has exhausted its terrors.

"I am very sorry I have spoilt your glove, monsieur," she said, in slow, halting French; "but you will forgive me to-morrow, when I have left this horrible place."

"Not horrible so long as mademoiselle remains here," said Victor, readily, with another bow, bravely keeping up the smile in the face of circumstances. "I have the pleasure to hope that this desolate place will long be enlivened by mademoiselle's presence."

The idea of her presence enlivening any place just now was such an unmistakable joke that Peggy looked up with a forlorn little curl of the lips which was meant for a smile. Gerald, who felt that the situation was becoming every moment more awkward, and who was afraid that she might burst either into tears or into a fit of equally disconcerting laughter, suggested that she had better run up stairs and change her wet boots, and gave her a little fraternal push toward the staircase.

"Adieu, monsieur," said she, with a strong British accent, bowing to Victor.

"Au revoir, mademoiselle," said he bending low to her.

And Gerald thrust his arm through that of his friend, and led him back to the *salon*, while Peggy went up to her own room, and began pulling off her wet ulster with a defiant determination to take he final departture from "Les Bouleaux" in it as soon as it was dry. There was consolation in the thought of speedy action, and before she had wrenched off her soaking, spoilt little boots she had begun to sing aloud to herself in a toneless, uncertain sort of manner, to indicate that despair and driven her to a policy of insolent, open defiance. She was quavering out the first verse of "The Vagabond" for the third time, when a sharp, precise little rat-tat sounded outside her door.

"Who is it?" she called out in the "Vagabond" manner.

"It is I, Miss M'Leod," said a thin voice. "Can I come in, Miss Beresford?"

Miss Beresford limped across the waxed floor with a scowl on her face, unlocked the door, and admitted the visitor haughtily. Miss M'Leod was haughty too, and being even smaller than the younger lady, she had to tilt back her head to a very painful angle in order not to be outdone in the matter of superciliousness.

"I have come, by Mr. Staunton's desire, to enquire whether it is your intention to descend to the *salon* previous to the departure of M. and Madame Fournier and their son, and whether, in that case, I could afford you any assistance in the matter of preparation for the interview."

"No, I've seen quite enough of them. If my father sent for me, you can tell him I sha'nt come."

The housekeeper raised her eyeglass, and returned the girl's furious look by a vacant stair of her little light eyes which was meant to express contempt. Then she turned and was sweeping toward the door, when her indignation was checked by a sudden sense of the piteousness of the shivering, bare-footed miserable little figure before her, trying to force back her tears, and to bear a brave front while the mud and the water still dripped from her spoilt dress, and her teeth chattered with the cold. Then there was a knock at the door, and they heard Gerald's voice.

"Miss Beresford! Margaret! Peggy!" he cried imploringly. "Come out and speak to me; come to the door. Do, do!"

Miss Beresford rushed to the door and let her face appear at a one inch aperture.

"O Gerald," she cried, in a vehement reproach, "why did you send this woman up to me! Don't you think I'm miserable enough? Do make her come out, *do* take her away."

Gerald thrust his hand through the crack, and Peggy instantly put her fingers into his to show she had forgiven him.

"Miss M'Leod, what have you been saying to her? Kiss her, tell her you didn't mean to be unkind, and help her to dress as quickly as ever you can, as you promised," said he, with eager volubility. "You know you said you'd lend her something to wear. And, Peggy, do be good, there's a dear girl, and dress and come down. Say you will—quick—to please me."

He drummed and tapped at the door affectionately as he spoke, and Miss M'Leod took the opportunity to make conciliatory advances on the other side; so after some excited remonstrance on the part of Peggy, Gerald was sent to call Delphine, who was active if not particularly neat-fingered, and the little housekeeper having brought from her room a black silk dress of her own, and some carefully folded lace, and a coral necklace, she and Delphine proceeded to array the reluctant Miss Beresford in them, and to pin and fold and to fasten the borrowed garments until Peggy, as she was led out into the corridor where Gerald was anxiously waiting for her, looked like a rather pretty little stage Puritan, in a dress which was very short for her in front and very long behind.

"Now you look lovely," whispered Gerald, with honest admiration, as he allowed Miss M'Leod to pass them down the stairs, and followed with Peggy's arm tightly in his; "and Victor will be delighted with you, and it will be all right. Mind you don't fall," he added tenderly—he didn't know how tenderly—making her walk slowly down the stairs and noting her appearance with much pride. "You don't know how wretched it made me to see you look so unhappy; and I felt I would have done anything, *anything* to make it all right again for you."

And they stopped at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh Gerald, you are a dear good fellow," said Peggy gratefully, squeezing up one of his hands in both hers, and looking at him with penitent affection. "You've made everything seem different; you've made that little snappish Miss M'Leod angelically good to me; and now I feel quite clean and happy and not a bit afraid of those dreadful Fourniers. And I will try to please them—to please you. You're just like a brother to me, indeed you are!"

So he took the fraternal privilege quite simply and naturally, and was surprised and a little hurt when she shrank back as he kissed her cheek.

"Are you angry? Don't be offended with me. You would let your brother kiss you."

"I—I don't know," said she rather shyly. "Nobody has ever kissed me before."

Gerald had nothing to say to this, but he believed it; and it gave him a great deal to think about afterward. He lingered there with her for a moment, until a loud, obstrusive, chuckling laugh above their heads made them both look up, to discover Delphine craning her neck over the top of the staircase till she was blue in the face, to get a good view of them.

"Come along, Peggy," he said hastily. And he crossed the hall and opened the *salon* door, and whispered, "Be as bright as you can," as she, with her heart beating very fast, and a terrible feeling of the awful conduct she had to atone for, passed him, and went into the room.

Miss M'Leod had already heralded her reappearance. And she looked so modest, so fresh and charming, with the bright color brought by shame and excitement to her cheeks, and the humble pleading look in her eyes, as her father, after a mollified glance at her, introduced her formally to M. and Madame Fournier, that the remembrance of her first bird-like entrance only served to enhance the good impression she now made by her gentle self-possessed manner; and Madame Fournier, a good-natured, honest, commonplace Flemish woman, whose *dot* had been her chief attraction in her husband's eyes when he married her, but who had since acquired boundless empire over him, drew the girl toward her in a motherly manner to which she was quite unaccustomed and asked if she could look upon her as upon the mother she had lost.

Mr. Beresford noticed the good impression his daughter was making; Gerald grew quite joyous over it; Victor, indifferent as as he was, seemed relieved by the change in his bride-elect. The stiffness of the ceremonious call was lost in the singularity of circumstances which attended it, and the formal conclave had grown into a most harmonious gathering, when a new arrival suddenly checked the chatting tongues and laughter, and brought back the thoughts of the whole party from love and marriage, and such comparatively cheerful subjects, to robbery and outrage. Yet the intruder looked good-humored enough; and it was only the remembrance of the gloomy circumstances which had caused him to be sent for which cast a cloud upon the assembly as plump little Mr. Smith, with his round black head and twinkling black eyes, walked briskly into the room.

In the pause which followed his greetings the Fourniers rose to take leave; and when Mr. Beresford, who had not yet recovered from the fatigue of his long journey from Nice, took advantage of their departure to retire to his own room as the lamp was brought into the *salon*, the rest of the party, left to themselves, gradually became silent listeners to Mr. Smith, who was characteristically already in possession of a theory about the robbery which was ingenious, though not without weak points. The theory was that the robbery had been arranged and carried out by the servants of the railway company, one of whom had entered the compartment at Paris while he himself was standing by it; and he suggested that it must have been the guard himself who, accustomed to walking the length of the train while it was in motion, to examine the tickets, according to French custom, had availed himself of this accomplishment to execute the robbery his accomplice had prepared. The weakest point in this theory was the difficulty of suggesting any means by which the servants of the railway company could have learnt that Mr. Blair had a very large sum of money about him, a fact which was only known to Lord Keighley, Mr. Shaw, and perhaps to M. de Breteuil.

The theory, such as it was, served for discussion until the appearance of another visitor, M Durand, cure of the parish, a devoted admirer and adherent of Mr. Beresford, whose philosophy he took as a joke, and whose lavish charity he held up as an evidence of true religion, which, while saving the soul of the donor from infernal torment, preserved the bodies of his poorer co-parishioners from the pinch of cold and hunger, a trial which the simple-minded cure was not spiritual enough to underrate. He, too, had to hear the story of the railway robbery, and he differed altogether from the ingenious Mr. Smith and the practical Mr. Shaw, being inclined to attribute the misfortune boldly to supernatural agency.

"Our unhappy country is most clearly accursed during these latter years," said the old man, whose eyes, shining brightly out of his worn, parched, and shrivelled face, burned with the fires of strange beliefs picked up among the peasants, whose friend and seavant he had been so long. "France is suffering for the sin of rejecting her kings and insulting her Church. Both these institutions are of God, and can it be wondered at that when a nation casts off His service, it should fall under the dominion of the devil?"

"But the devil can find no use for banknotes; and if he could, he is clever enough to make forgeries that would be cashed at any bank," said Mr. Smith.

Miss M'Leod looked shocked, Peggy interested; Gerald watched Peggy, and Mr. Shaw wished that this well-meaning old simpleton had remained at home with his breviary.

"The devil delights in making useless mischief, in doing evil for evil's sake," said the cure, dogmatically. "He has plunged us in war, in compulsory education for minds which do not cry out for knowledge, in starvation for bodies which do cry for bread. He has, they say, during the past winter taken bodily shape to plague the miserable inhabitants of this very district. What, then, more likely than that this fresh outrage, diabolically planned, diabolically carried out, leaving no clue, admitting of no solution, was the work of the Prince of Darkness himself?"

A short silence, during which the rest of the party glanced at Mr. Shaw, as if expecting him to take up the challenge; but fond of talking as he was, he apparently felt that to talk about clues to a man like the cure was beneath him.

It was Gerald's fresh young voice which broke in after old M. Durand's gloomy tones. "I don't know about the devil, but I know somebody who is mixed in this business, or at least in part of it; and that's old Monnier the gamekeeper."

Mr. Smith and M. Durand were rather astonished by this blunt and decided assertion; but the account of his seeing a stranger at the cottage, and of the utterances of the little boy whom he had found in the wood on the evening of Peggy's arrival, was listened to with attention by them.

"Perhaps Babette would account for the stranger," suggested the blunt Smith. But Gerald's anecdotes had made some impression upon him, for after a rambling discussion of the alleged apparitions in the neighborhood had gone on for some minutes, the English clerk rose abruptly and said he would go to Monnier's cottage at once, and try to surprise or frighten either the gamekeeper or his daughter into a confession, if they had anything to confess. The little man himself seemed rather nervous, and as he rubbed up the spectacles through which he was wont to boast he could see into a difficulty as a hawk into the night, Gerald noticed that his face was moist and that his little fat hands were trembling.

"Hallo, Smith!" cried the young fellow. "Are you funking the walk down the avenue for fear of seeing the black stranger and his attendant wolf?"

The cure silenced him by a look and gesture of such horror that everybody in the room was uncomfortably impressed by it.

"These are not matters to be laughed at," said he solemnly and sternly. "Whether the apparitions which have frightened the peasants are real or imaginary, I myself can vouch that their reported appearance has never failed to be followed by calamity to somebody."

Curiously enough, the person most affected by this speech was Mr. Smith. He tried to hide the fact, and nodded to Mr. Shaw, telling him, in his usual genial voice he should be back in time to drive him into Calais. But he was not himself; and as the rest heard him cross the hall, go out at the front door, and slam it violently after him, Gerald laughed, and suggested that the sturdy little clerk was not quite so strong-minded as he liked to be considered. But the old cure's superstitious earnestness, without affecting their reason, had depressed the spirits of all his hearers; Mr. Shaw began to grow restless, looked constantly at his watch, and said that he should like to start as soon as possible. Miss M'Leod begged him to have tea first, and led the way into the *salle-a-manger*, where the table had been spread for him by her orders.

He was much touched by her kindness, and as he sat down he said, looking at Gerald, who had followed him into the room, that he was glad to leave the boy in the kind care of such a friend.

"Friends," chirped the little lady, correcting him; "it is not I, but Mr. Beresford, whom Gerald has to thank for everything."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Shaw slowly. He was looking grave and thoughtful, and an unusual intensity in his manner arrested the attention of both his hearers. "The kindness of a shrewd philosopher ought perhaps logically to be considered of more value than that of a simple-hearted woman. Yet in the long run I shouldn't wonder if Gerald decides that he owes more to you who mend his stockings, because he has nobody to do it for him, than to Mr. Beresford, who metaphorically pins him to a piece of cardboard as an interesting specimen."

Gerald looked surprised, but Miss M'Leod was indignant at the implied disparagement of the autocrat of "Les Bouleaux."

"If you knew Mr. Beresford better," she said, with dignity mitigated by a pleasant sense of over-praised modesty, "you would know that his heart is just as warm as if he were only an ordinary man."

Mr. Shaw said nothing to this, but went on eating toast in a dogged manner which implied that his opinion was unchanged. When he rose and went into the *salon*, Miss M'Leod left the room to tell Mr. Beresford that his guest was going. It was nearly half-past five, and as the train to Paris started at seven, and Mr. Shaw had to call on Madame de Lancry before that, there was no time to be lost. He shook hands with Peggy, and the next moment the door opened, and Mr. Beresford came in, leaning on the arm of the little housekeeper.

"I could not let you go without making an effort to come and bid you good-bye," said he, as he sat down in his large carved armchair by the stove, and held out his hand to Mr. Shaw. His manner was rather less dry and reserved than usual, and it was with some human warmth of tone that he gave his departing guest a few shrewd instructions as to his treatment of the Paris police officials, with whom his errand would bring him in contact.

"Above all, do not let your clue, whatever it may be, go out of your possession, except to the head of the Department himself," he said. "And now I will not detain you, for I know you have a call to make in Calais, and you have not much time."

Mr. Shaw thanked his host, shook hands with him, with the cure, and then turned to Miss M'Leod.

"I am sorry not to be able to say good-bye to Mr. Smith," said he, as he pressed her little thin dry hand warmly; "he promised to drive me into Calais, but he has not come back yet, and so—"

"O yes, he has come back," interrupted the housekeeper acidly, "but not in a fit state to drive anybody, I'm afraid. I met him up-stairs just now, on his way from Mr. Beresford's room to his own, and—"

"Hush, you mustn't tell tales," interrupted Mr. Beresford indulgently. "The *cabaret* at the end of the avenue is a little too near, and poor Smith's tastes are a little too convival. As long as my business doesn't suffer from his pleasures I excuse him. He will be all right in the morning, and a good deal ashamed of not having kept his word to you, poor fellow."

Mr. Shaw excused him readily enough, and left the room, accompanied by Gerald and by Peggy, who had made up her quarrel with him. They were all three crossing the hall toward the front door, which was open, and through which they saw the *carriole* standing ready in the courtyard, when the big Delphine came clattering from the kitchen like a charging dragoon, and seized Mr. Shaw with muscular grip, her round rosy face convulsed with terror.

"Monsieur, monsieur, don't go to-night; wait till to-morrow, do, do wait, or some misfortune will happen to you sure enough! It will indeed. Ask M. le Cure. He knows; he will tell you you must not go."

"Don't be silly, Delphine. What is it you mean?" said Gerald, uneasily.

"O, M. Gerald, the wolf has been seen about to-night! It means ill-luck; tell monsieur not to start to-night."

"What a silly girl you are, Delphine!" said the young man, as he pushed her aside to follow Mr. Shaw, who was already outside the door.

Standing on the stones of the courtyard, with the feeble light from the little lamp over the hall-door shining on his kind, grave face, on his gray moustache and beard, he was waiting for Gerald to come out, and looking at him affectionately. Peggy, who was watching him, suddenly slipped down the step and put her hand again into his.

"Do you believe in those superstitions of the old priest and of Delphine?" she asked in a rather frightened whisper.

"No, my dear, not a bit. Do you?"

"No-o, not exactly—at least, I mean of course not, not at all. But still I wish—I wish you weren't going to-night; I should like you to stay a little longer, now I know you are so kind and such a great friend to Gerald. The fact is," she burst out in a different tone, excitedly drawing his hand up to her breast and looking at him anxiously, "all these mystery and robbery stories have made me nervous and silly, and—and—you are sure you'll be safe, aren't you?"

"My dear child, whether the train will or will not carry me quickly and safely to Paris is my only care. Of wolves, in the flesh or in the spirit, I have no fear at all, I assure you. Gerald, my boy, we really must not linger any longer."

He shook the girl's clinging hand again; the young fellow tore himself away from the excited Delphine, and both gentlemen got into the *carriole* and drove off.

Just as the clumsy little carriage left the stones of the courtyard for the sand of the avenue, Peggy, who was watching it fade into the darkness, was startled by a voice behind her. She turned quickly, and saw her father standing in the doorway leaning on Miss M'Leod's arm.

"Do you think you could catch them up and tell them to drive fast, as fast as they can?" he asked, with earnestness most foreign to his usual dry, hard manner.

"I—I'll try," stammered Peggy. And she sped out over the stones along the soft avenue until she came up with the *carriole* just as it turned into the high-road.

Both men were startled by a breathless voice which broke upon their ears as the little face looked up at them. They were sitting in the front of the *carriole*, side by side.

"Drive, drive fast, very fast, as fast as you can!" panted she, in a voice shrill and broken with excitement and exertion.

And before they could stop the fat old horse, the little sibyl had dropped behind them and was lost to them in the darkness of the avenue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Mysterious Outbreak.

The typhoid fever outbreak which has been ravaging the Capital during the past two months has been productive of an interesting conflict of opinion. Everybody agrees that there must be something radically wrong or the fever would not have broken out; but where that something is is a point upon which people differ.

At first it was declared that the entire trouble was from the drainage. The sewers were in many places but wooden boxes. These had rotted and in the process of decomposition had produced disease germs which found their way into the houses and into the human system. This theory held its ground until it was discovered that the fever was as prevalent on undrained streets as on streets the houses in which were connected with the maligned sewers. Then it was decided by a large section of the community that the water had caused the mischief. A creek emptying into the source of supply and known as the Brewery Creek was declared to be in a polluted state and everybody was warned against using the water. But the water was subjected to a chemical analysis by eminent analysts and was pronounced pure. In this emergency a new theory was set afloat, and readily found adherents. The disease, it was said, prevailed to a greater or less extent, all over the country. The same conditions of drainage and of water supply could not exist everywhere. The disease must then be carried in the air and must be attributed to the great drought of last summer. In reply to this Dr. Playter, who has given much attention to sanitary questions, points out that epidemics elsewhere had been traced to the water, and that scientific authorities contest the view that the germs of typhoid can be carried in the air. A later theory than that which blames the atmosphere attributes the epidemic to the sidewalks. Unexplained, this idea looks absurd. It is not at all improbable, that the wooden or rapidly rotting sidewalks may, as alleged, collect filth, which in a favourable season generates disease germs and launches sickness and death upon the community. While doctors differ so widely, it is of course difficult for the lay mind to arrive at any conclusion. Nevertheless, it must be said that the water and drainage theories have more to support them than either the atmospheric or the sidewalk idea. The water and the drains have always been found to be most perfect conductors of disease germs. The one brings diseases from long distances, the other distributes it at short range. When the water has launched the epidemic the drain assists in spreading it from house to house. If this has not been the process in Ottawa, the Capital has had an experience differing from that of other places in which epidemics have occurred.

The great body of public opinion at Ottawa attributes the disease to the pollution at some unknown point of the water of the Ottawa River, when the city supply is drawn. If the majority is correct there cannot be very good basis for the comfortable theory that the movement of polluted water is fatal to disease germs.

The Great Canal.

Nearly 20,000 men will find employment for the next four years in the construction of the big canal that is immediately to be made for the passage of ocean ships between Liverpool and Manchester. The first sod has been quietly cut with a navvy's spade by Lord Egerton of Tatton, the chairman of the company, in the presence of twenty directors and a few shareholders, at Eastham, where the canal will lead out of the Mersey. Eastham, on the Cheshire shore, a little distance up the river from Liverpool, has hitherto been a quiet, green spot; but it will speedily change its character as a contingent of 2,000 navvies settles down into it to begin digging out the first of the nine sections of four and a half miles each that will go to make up the canal. A small town will have to be built to accommodate them and to supply their physical wants; and already the bishop and other religious workers of that district are considering what steps shall be taken to meet their spiritual needs. The engineer's plant is being carted thither at a great rate, the railway for bearing off the excavated earth is being laid down and the green turf is marked with the line which indicates the centre of what will be a stone-banked stream, twenty-five feet in depth, and at least 120 feet in width, supplied with numerous docks, crossed with lofty bridges for trains, and swing bridges for road traffic, and forming a water-way in which the biggest steamships and sailing vessels will be able to pass one another at fair speed. It will be wider and deeper than the Suez Canal and will depend for its construction chiefly on the hugh steam excavators, which are a kind of cross between cranes and the dredges we see in rivers and harbors, and which remove a cubic yard of soil at a time. It will enable Manchester to send her calicoes direct to all quarters of the globe, and will tap the chemical region of Runcorn, and the salt districts of Cheshire, saving the present cost of transhipment of a million tons per annum of the latter condiment. This division of trade will be to Liverpool a loss; and it is not, therefore very surprising that her inhabitants did not flock to Eastham to rejoice over the cutting of the sod. The chief engineer will be Mr. Leander Williams; the contractor, Mr. T. A. Walker, of Westminster; and the cost, six million pounds. Men out of work have scented the project from afar, and have tramped along the various roads leading to Eastham in such numbers that the local authorities have put up special guide-posts to direct them on their way. A month must pass, however, before any large number of them will be required.

Important to Lumbermen.

The United States Secretary of the Treasury recently received a letter requesting that persons engaged in the lumbering business in the Counties of St. Lawrence and Franklin, N. Y. may be permitted to import from Canada for temporary use, and without payment of duty, teams of animals and articles for use in the lumbering camps, which teams and articles are to be brought in by Canadians. The question was submitted to the collector of customs at Ogdensburg, in order to ascertain the necessity for such action, and that officer has reported that during the past year many horses suitable for use in lumbering have been imported from Canada. He also expressed the opinion that the bringing in of Canadians with their teams for the purpose indicated would be in contravention of the Contract Labor Act. He said further that there was no immediate necessity for granting the request, for the reason that animals needed in the lumbering business can be readily obtained in the United States. Assistant Secretary Maynard has therefore informed the persons interested that as there is no legal authority for granting the request the department declines to interfere in the matter.

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Polson & Co., Get "Putnam's

A Kentucky woman who has seven sons, all born on Sunday, has petitioned Gov. Buckner for a pension. She says in her letter that she "never herd of 7 boys all Boen Born on Sunday," and she thinks that such an unexampled feat of maternity should be properly rewarded.

Gossip About the Queen.

Not long ago, when the Queen was coming from Osborne, the detectives who always travel with her, noticed a stranger in the car with them. He was well dressed and appeared like a gentleman. He said little, offered a well-filled cigar case, and seemed to be familiar with the names of the persons in the party. They took him to be some attache of the household, and asked no questions, till, on the arrival of the train at London, Col. Ponsonby, the Queen's secretary, was asked who he was. The latter who had taken him to be a detective, expressed surprise when told that he was not, and the man was arrested. When taken to the Great Scotland Yard it was disclosed that he was a young gentleman from London who had made a bet with some friends at his club that he could come from Portsmouth on her Majesty's train without detection. He was released when his indentity was established, with a warning not to attempt the trick again, but it was a lesson that taught greater vigilance.

The Prince of Wales has two detectives, who accompany him wherever he goes, and he leads them a jolly race. They lodge at Marlborough House, his official residence and are always on duty. Whenever the Prince leaves the gates they go after him, keeping as close at his heels as is possible, and when he stops they stop, too. They are dressed like gentlemen, and are well paid for their services, but seldom get a holiday. The Prince is fond of them, but it is not a job that is coveted by men of their profession. When he attends the theatre they always sit in the rear of the royal box; when he goes to the races they are ever at his side, and when he is out in his carriage they follow him in another. If he is on foot they walk behind him.

A correspondent writes:—I had a talk with the Prince's physician, who is also his friend, the other day, and he corrected an impression I had that Albert Edward would like to succeed to the throne. The Doctor says that he would not—that he would not want the Queen to abdicate in his favor under any circumstances. He has no love of power, but is fond of leisure, shirks responsibility, has no politics, is friendly with the men who are most bitter against the throne, and pats every one on the back for a good fellow.

The Queen has never been partial to the Prince of Wales. The late Duke of Albany was the favorite among her sons, and Wales has been in disfavor always. There is a popular impression that she might have abdicated the throne on the fiftieth anniversary of her reign but for her lack of confidence in and respect for her eldest son, and it is said that she likes his wife, the Princess, no better, although the latter is the most popular and the most beloved of all the royal family.

Don't Give up the Ship.

You have been told that consumption is incurable; that when the lungs are attacked by this terrible malady, the sufferer is past all help, and the end is a mere question of time. You have noted with alarm the unmistakable symptoms of the disease; you have tried all manner of so-called cures in vain, and you are now despondent and preparing for the worst. But don't give up the ship while Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery remains untried. It is not a cure all nor will it perform miracles, but it has cured thousands of cases of consumption, in its earlier stages, where all other means had failed. Try it, and obtain a new lease of life.

Genuine modesty is a sense of imperfection common only to the wise and good.

A Dish of New P's.

P stands for Pudding, for Peach and for Pear,
And likewise for Poetry and Prose;
The Parrot, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
The Pig with a ring in his nose;
For Paper and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic and People who sell it;
But when you are sick, to relieve your distress
Take at once Pierce's Purgative Pellet.

Oh, yes, indeed! There are the P's for you, poor, sick man or woman. Nothing like them for keeping the bowels and stomach regulated and in order—tiny, sugar-ocated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They work gently but thoroughly.

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Most chronic catarrhs usually begin in the fall of the year, and owe their origin to the neglect of adjusting the clothing to the weather. Catarrhs of all sorts are much more easily prevented than cured.

HUB! COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

Fred Stone, the American sprinter, has gone to England to participate in the Christmas Sheffield handicap.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

The best riches is contentment, the worst poverty, low spirits.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

They who would rule safely must rule with love, not force.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Men*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

To wish for popularity is not wrong, but to seek it unworthily is unpardonable.

Cough No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

It is not so difficult to plant new truths as to root out old errors.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

We cannot do without others, but others can often do without us.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Bobby had been a pretty good little boy all day and his father was very much pleased. "You will find, Bobby," said the old man, "that virtue is its own reward. I mean by that, that every time you do what you ought to do you will feel good over it. Do you understand?" "Oh, yes," responded Bobby, intelligently, "and now, pa, if you'll give me another piece of pie you'll feel good, too."

The man who is slow to express an opinion might just as well send it by freight.

Prosperity is apt to be dangerous unless balanced by a little adversity.

A P 378

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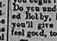

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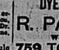

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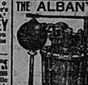

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